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Sunday, Sept. 8, 1935



The Suburban Girl — Impressions by
M. Victor C. de Tchetchet
the Distinguished Russian Artist

The Praying Mantis Meets the Black Widow—And Murders Her



The Bell and the Beginning of the First Round of the Battle to the Death Between the Praying Mantis and the Black Widow Spider. The Spider Is Still in Its Corner Behind a Leaf, and the Mantis Is Posing, Like a Human Boxer, Waiting for His Adversary to Start Something.

Runaway Rabbit Kills Three People

THE natives of Chefoo, China, are still talking about the strange and tragic happenings that took place just because one Yu, a farmer, was moved by pity to pick a wounded rabbit off the road.

It seems that Yu left his modest little farm for the market to sell the last of his peanut crop. He collected \$10 for his peanuts and stowed the money in a belt which he wore about his thin waist. On the way home he came upon a rabbit lying in the dust of the road. The animal appeared to be badly hurt and the kind-hearted Yu, not dreaming that his humane gesture would have tragic consequences for him and his family, untied the money belt and made a sort of sling of it in which to carry the rabbit.

When he was only a mile or so from his farmhouse Yu sat down beside the road to rest. He slipped the money belt off his shoulder and placed it on the ground beside him. The rabbit was still breathing but lying limp within the improvised hammock. Yu lay back on the ground and closed his slanting eyes.

Suddenly there was a commotion beside him. He sat bolt upright just in time to see the rabbit and his money belt hopping across the road and into a field. He leaped to his feet and gave chase. For more than a mile he ran, screaming at the rabbit that it was running away with most of the cash that Yu had in the world. And then he fell on his face, exhausted.

After a time Yu got up and walked on until he came to a farm. A length of rope dangled from the branches of a tree. Yu, overcome with grief at the loss of what was a small fortune to him, hanged himself.

One of the farmer's sons, seeing Yu's body swinging awkwardly in the sunlight and recognizing the dead man, ran to tell Yu's wife. The woman came running to the scene, leaving the evening meal cooking on the stove.

Somewhere the house of Yu caught fire during the wife's absence. She left her dead husband and ran back down the road, calling upon the gods not to let the flames destroy her infant son, who had been playing on the kitchen floor. But the gods were in an evil mood this day and when she got to the house it was a roaring furnace. She plunged through the door and managed to reach the charred mass that had been her baby. She lifted the body in her hands and staggered part way to the door. Then she collapsed and the flames put an end to her grief.

Yu's body was cut down and prepared for burial with the remains of his wife and his son. Most of the farmers in the neighborhood quit work in their fields to see that the victims of a humane gesture were properly laid to rest—but a few went rabbit hunting.

THE Black Widow spider has been called, and rightly, Public Enemy No. 1 of the insect world. The female of the species, although she has a body less than half an inch long is vicious and deadly out of all proportion to her size and weight. When her mate is of no further use to her she kills him and eats him and the drops of venom she carries in tiny sacs at the base of her needle-like fangs are several hundred times as potent as the venom of the rattlesnake. The bite of the Black Widow is sometimes deadly to human beings and is always agonizingly painful, causing acute suffering which spreads from the wound all over the body. With the pain the victim has a high fever, cold sweating and violent cramps.

Yet the remarkable photographs on this page show that the Black Widow can be beaten in a fight and suffer the

same fate that she usually inflicts on such creatures of the insect world as have the misfortune to tangle with her. These pictures were taken by Edwin W. Teale, of Baldwin, Long Island, N. Y., who found the contestants on a plant in his back yard and managed to snap a round-by-round record of the battle to the death.

"It is only fair to say," Mr. Teale reports, "that the Black Widow was the aggressor. She saw the mantis first and, for a few seconds, lay concealed behind a leaf, apparently waiting a chance to attack. When she came out of her hiding place she crawled along the under side of the branch on which the mantis was clinging in his characteristic attitude of prayer.

It also should be explained that the mantis, which is about five inches long, registered no fear of the spider. As the Black Widow approached, the mantis drew up its powerful forelegs, seeming to understand that a nip in the fleshy part of either of these members would be the end of him. But he didn't back away. He moved further along the branch and waited for the spider to strike the first blow."

It may be, of course, that this particular Black Widow never had fought with an elongated mantis before and it is quite possible that some other spider of the same species would make short work of a mantis. In this case, however, the long, thin battler had all the best of it and showed considerably more ring generalship than his adversary.

As the large photograph in the center of the page shows the mantis maneuvered itself into a position where it could get the Black Widow in the crook of one of its powerful forelegs. The spider fell into the trap in less than three minutes after the beginning of the first round.

"The mantis," says Mr. Teale, "did not waste a motion. It moved slowly and deliberately and did not take the aggressive until the right moment had come. Then the spider's black, shiny body was in the angle formed by the first two segments of the long front leg. The spider, with the speed of a steel trap snapping shut, the mantis brought those barbed, hinged levers together. This was the beginning of the end."

"The Black Widow, its body bulging from the pressure, struggled to free itself. Its legs kicked frantically for perhaps half a minute and then it was plain to be seen that life was ebbing out of the distorted body. The mantis, still calm, hung on like a bulldog and did not ease up on the vice-like grip until it was certain that there was nothing more to fear from the spider."

Slowly the two sections of the mantis's foreleg opened, a fraction of an inch at a time. The mantis kept his eyes on the spider and repeatedly stroked the inert body with its antennae. When it was positive that there was no life left in that body it released its grip and, as a further precaution, held the Black Widow aloft at the end of one leg so that it couldn't do any damage in case it was playing possum and waiting to deliver one final and deadly thrust with its twin fangs.

The photograph at the bottom of the page shows the mantis with its victim. The gesture is one of triumph as though the long, thin insect was displaying the result of its cold skill as a fighter and a killer.

That was the end of the battle but the mantis wasn't through. It carried the lifeless body of the Black Widow to a branch on the other side of the plant and settled down to a hearty meal. The powerful jaws of the long, thin insect went to work on the minuscule body of the loser and, in less than five minutes, half the spider had been consumed. The mantis was a fastidious diner and did not feast on that part of the spider where the venom sacs are located nor did it attempt to eat the Black Widow's hard and meatless legs.

At the moment the camera is unusually Black Widow conscious. The dreaded insects have been found all the way from New England on the Atlantic to the Southern States along the Gulf of Mexico. The pest is spreading rapidly and is a menace to life.

Not all spiders that look like the Black Widow belong to that unpopular and dangerous class. The true Black Widow has, on its underside, a mark that is shaped like an hourglass.



Round Two. The Spider Has Crawled From Behind the Leaf and Is on the Under Side of the Branch to Which the Mantis Is Clinging With Its Spindling Legs. The Black Widow Is Within Striking (or Stinging) Distance of the Foe, and Is Getting Set to Deliver a Knock Out Blow. The Mantis, While in the Art of Self-Protection, Has Folded Its Powerful Front Legs Out of Reach of the Spider's Pincer-like Jaws. The Battlers Are Still Sparring, Each Waiting for an Opening.

Round Three. The Fighters Come Together After Less Than Two Minutes of Maneuvering. The Spider Has Two of Its Legs Wrapped Around a Branch and Is Making the Tactical Mistake of Getting Its Body in the Angle Formed by Two Sections of One of the Mantis' Powerful Front Legs.



Below—Round Four. The Mantis Has Abandoned Boxing for Wrestling and Has the Spider in a Death Grip. The Black Widow Is Done for and Can't Defend Itself.

Fraternity's Sweetheart Is—Or Are—Twins

NOT long ago the national convention of Theta Kappa Omega, a high school fraternity with chapters all over the country, was held in Shreveport, Louisiana. The delegates discussed such important problems as modern educational methods and the economic outlook for the generation of Americans now pouring over their books and preparing themselves for business and professional careers. But one of the first things they did was to look around the convention hall and, as in their custom, elect a fraternity sweetheart.

The gathering boasted no end of

good looking girls but something that never has happened before in the annals of Theta Kappa Omega occurred when the Baton Rouge chapter of the fraternity introduced their candidate for the honor—the delegates found themselves gazing at two smiling brunettes who looked so much alike that it was impossible to tell one from the other.

One delegate, a stickler for precedent, rose to inquire how two girls could be a fraternity sweetheart. Another wondered if the constitution and by-laws permitted the organization to elect two sweethearts instead of one.

But there are ways of getting around such hurdles and it was the mind of the convention that the sisters Wendt should be the sweetheart, or sweethearts of Theta Kappa Omega. One delegate with a sense of humor suggested that the girls—Julia and Winston—be considered as an inseparable unit. If necessary, he said, they could be called Miss Wendt (singular) on the record. This decided the issue and the Sisters Wendt were unanimously and enthusiastically picked to reign until next year's session.

In the words of the song, Old Man River may "just keep rolling along," but when intelligent and determined engineers put their heads together they can tell him how fast to roll and where to roll.

For many months army engineers working under the direction of Lieut. Paul W. Thompson have been cracking the whip over the Big Muddy river at Omaha, Nebraska. They decided that it would be best if this river ran some 115 feet west of the course that it has followed for centuries. What they wanted was a straight channel, and they went to work building a series of dikes and driving culms of piling from the channel across dry land, bridge builders applied themselves to a job which puzzled the natives—they put in the foundations and erected the steel work on the South Omaha bridge, all on dry land.

To many questions, the engineers patiently explained that they were not crazy, and that, one of these days, the Big Muddy would be made to take a turn and flow under that bridge.

The natives shook their heads and wondered what new-fangled ideas these young engineers would get next. Some of them just wouldn't believe that the Big Muddy could be stopped from rolling along in its own bed. But they knew now that it can be done, that a bridge can be erected on dry land and a river made to flow beneath it, no matter how many years the stream has gone its natural way.

The youthful army officer in charge of taming the Big Muddy admitted frankly that the job was more difficult than he anticipated, but he and his assistants are equal to the task and, every day, the river is helping them dig a new channel which bears to the westward and will, sometime soon, flow directly between the bulky foundations of the main span of the "dry land" bridge.

The man in charge of building the bridge says, "They just gave us the plans and we went ahead and put in the bridge—there's no need to worry, the river will be running under it by the time our job is done."



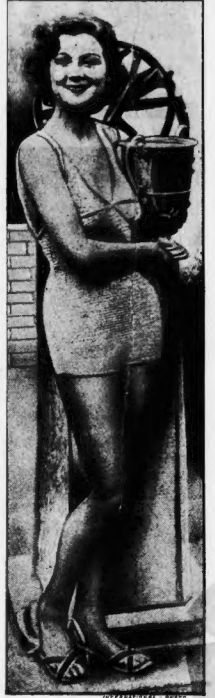
Julia and Winston Wendt, Unanimously Elected the Sweetheart of Theta Kappa Omega at the Recent National Convention of That Fraternity. The Delegates Couldn't Choose Between the Young Women, So This Year's Sweetheart Is, or Are, Twins.

England's New Beauty Queen

MISS MURIEL OXFORD, who recently was chosen Miss Great Britain from more than 30,000 young women, is the most modest beauty queen that ever wore a crown. In the first place she had no previous experience in the contest for the title and she entered at the last moment when some of her friends in London prevailed upon her to send a photograph of herself to the board of registration in London.

For several weeks local contests were staged all over the British Isles and the 30,000 entrants were reduced to seventeen extremely young women, among them Miss Oxford, who expressed a frank surprise when the judges singled her out.

With regal ceremony, placed the coronet of Miss Great Britain on her brunette head. A few days later she matched her charms with beau-



Miss Muriel Oxford, Who, as "Miss Great Britain," Recently Matched Her Physical Charms Against the Beauties of Other Countries in an International Contest.

ties from every European country seeking the title of Miss Europe. Alas, Navarro—Miss Spain—captured the international crown and the first one of the first to congratulate her was Miss Oxford.

"I don't see how any of us can quarrel with the judges," she said. "I think you are the most beautiful girl here and I congratulate you for England and for myself."

"Thousands of people in the British Isles did not agree with the judges. They were somewhat biased, perhaps, but they thought that the girl from Leamington, the pretty visitors from France, Germany, Hungary and a dozen other European countries.

After her victory in the final Miss Oxford was exempted with offers to go on the stage and in the movies. She graciously refused all these contracts and explained that she just didn't aspire to stardom behind the footlights or before the camera.

"I am a free-lance model," she told a group of reporters from the leading British newspapers and magazines, "and I like the work immensely although I am not getting rich or famous in doing it. My life is very pleasant as it is and I do not think I would enjoy always being in the spotlight."

Built a Bridge, Put River in Later

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Tried to Ride a Horse into Her Hotel Room



Mrs. Walter Hill, "Most Perfect American Beauty," Didn't Like Cowboys and Her Husband Did It Just to Annoy Her She Complains in Their New Battle to Prove Which of the Two Was Meaner and Crueler Than the Other

THE most perfect American beauty on the most perfect stem" was Flo Ziegfeld's description of Miss Mildred Richardson of the "Follies." What man could be worthy of picking this perfect flower for himself, stem and all?

Only such a male prize as Walter J. Hill, son of the late J. J. Hill, the great railroad builder, from whom this youngest son had inherited seventeen million dollars, leisure, good looks and almost all the other charms that might win him the most desirable wife in the country. And that is what happened.

The very eligible Walter married the irresistible Mildred but instead of living happily ever after, they went right to work as if determined to make each other as miserable as possible, according to their sworn testimony. The former showgirl says in her complaint that, knowing her aversion for horses, her wealthy husband even went so far as to ride one into the lobby of a Seattle hotel and attempt to ride it into the elevator with the intention of riding right into her room. Fortunately, the horse was too large or the elevator too small, so he got no farther than the lobby.

They were married in Livingston, Montana, on May 18, 1927, but five months later to a day, Mrs. Hill filed a separate maintenance suit to which she listed some of the following items of disapproval and disillusionment, while others she described in letters and telegrams to her physician and Broadway friends:

1. Habitual intemperance.
2. He had pretended to be a gentleman, easy to manage, while he was courting her in the East but, after the wedding, he turned out to be a veritable Jekyll and Hyde—mostly Hyde, becoming as wild as the Montana scenery.
3. His treatment was cruel. She suffered humiliation at his language and actions everywhere. He was insidiously jealous, threatening direful things if she should leave him, and once he knocked her down, spraining her leg.

When a "Polish" beauty marries a multimillionaire, the pictures a dazling life at New York, Palm Beach, Paris and the Riviera, where glittering with jewels she will always be surrounded by envious women and admiring men. What was her disappointment to be taken out on her husband's desolate Montana ranch, where she says that at the first drink he went as wild as the mountain scenery.

Instead of meeting the nobility of Europe, she complains that the only persons she saw were Mr. Hill's ranch hands and cowboys, who tracked mud and ill smelling fertilizer over her kitchen floor. When she objected, her husband invited them into the rest of the house, where they ruined her valuable rugs and sat with their high-heeled cowboy boots on the piano keys.

That was not bad because soap

and water will remove fertilizer from every but nothing would take away the white circles left by their whiskey glasses on the furniture. Also their language was uncouth and profane. The cowboy atmosphere on the screen she admits is romantic, but in her home it was mostly the smell of cow horse and fertilizer. They are in, here, healthy odors but unless one is brought up on the range, it is necessary to learn to enjoy them.

In time Mrs. Hill might have learned to prefer the honest reek of horse and cow to the expensive fragrance of the French noblesse, if it had been made worth her while, but apparently it wasn't.

Instead of being awakened at noon by her maid for her scented bath and several hours of beautification, to be followed by a night of the most costly entertainment the big cities could offer, she found herself up at six cooking for six cowboys and cleaning up after them until 8 P. M. Why marry a millionaire if she had to work like that, in fact, why marry anybody?

Just once in those five months her husband had taken her to the movies. For the rest of the time her only entertainment had been cross-word puzzles and looking at the scenery. This low standard of living and loving did not make sense so she brought suit for separate maintenance because she had not lived in the State long enough to sue for divorce. Mr. Hill, in his answer, denied all his wife's charges but was so tactful about not criticizing her that ten days later the suit had been withdrawn. The pair were living together in the same hotel suite and all had been forgiven and forgotten after a shopping trip and a visit to the movies.

Some sort of verbal understanding was reached, presumably regulating such evils and blessings as cowboys, liquor, movies, violence, cooking, Jew, the uncouth language and early rising. Under these new rules they seem to have been content to annoy each other under the same roof until the Spring of 1929 when Mildred filed a suit for

divorce. This also was withdrawn before the details before the details became public. Mr. Hill offered a new peace treaty which lasted until the Fall, when Mrs. Hill began a new divorce suit. Again the details of her disapproval were not published, but friends reported that among the principal charges were:

1. His attitude toward liquor made her life unbearable.
2. He beat her every other day.
3. At Hunter's Hot Springs, in Montana, he beat her so severely she remained in bed four days.
4. On other occasions he knocked her all over the house.

Once more the divorce revolt was quelled by a new peace treaty, this time in writing. In it the husband agreed:

1. To pay her a monthly allowance of \$1,000.
2. To pay taxes, insurance, water and light charges, fuel and repair bills and wages for servants, in her new mansion at Broadmoor, Seattle.
3. To pay for furnishings she was to select with his approval.
4. To pay an additional \$250 a month for other household expenses.
5. To settle \$8,000 in debts she had run up.
6. To deposit securities that would insure the payment to her of \$65,000 in accordance with the terms of the trust agreement.

All that was required of her in this peace pact was that she was to denounce her divorce suit—her second one, this was—and live within the allowance he agreed to pay her.

The trust agreement provided that he should deposit \$65,000 in securities with a trust company in St. Paul and

that at the end of five years if he and Mildred were still man and wife and no divorce suit or separate maintenance action was pending between them, she should receive this sum. If at any time he started divorce action, the trustee was to pay her the money, but if she started one he could withdraw the securities.

Mrs. Hill was well pleased with this nice little arrangement but not her husband, who broke into revolt the other day, suing for divorce and, at last, letting go the things he had been just bursting to say about her, while she was telling the world about him.

Wouldn't any husband drink and act wild if, as he alleges, his beautiful bride did these things to him?

1. Ninety days after their marriage she went East to put her son by a former marriage in school and while away kept company with William Sussman, a furniture salesman she had known before her marriage to Hill.

2. Later she wrote Sussman endearing letters, saying she still cared for him and would return to him as soon as she got all she expected to get out of Hill.

3. The publicity that resulted from her separate maintenance suit caused him great humiliation and extreme mental suffering.

4. Her two divorce suits were brought solely to coerce him into paying allowances for her "alleged" support and maintenance.

5. At all times since the marriage she incurred obligations and lived in an extravagant and lavish manner far beyond his ability to pay.

6. After moving to live in an exclusive residential section in Seattle known as Broadmoor, she took to live in her house one Rolando Buckley, a gentleman friend, which caused neighbors to call her "the scandal of Broadmoor."

7. She bought \$27,000 worth of furniture on credit and also ran up excessive and extravagant charges for presents she gave her friends. On the strength of these and other charges which his wife denies, he asks divorce, that the latest peace pact be declared void and his \$65,000 returned to him on the ground that there was no consideration on her part for imposing such a burden on him. All she agreed was to perform her regular marital duties which legally she was supposed to do anyway.

Mildred's request in her counter suit is simple. She merely prays the court not to grant her husband a single thing he asks but to let that nice arrangement continue in force, including making him pay up a few delinquent installments. If Mr. Hill imagined that his wife had already said all the mean things she could think of, he was mistaken. She let go a whole new salvo of brickbats, including the following:

1. Her first wife was Dorothy Barrows, daughter of a prominent St. Paul lawyer. He married her in 1908 and was divorced in 1921. They had one child, a daughter. It was reported that Hill settled \$1,000,000 on his first wife.

He married Pauline Gillison in 1922. When Hill first met Mildred she was with the "No, No, Nanette" Company in Chicago. He placed a \$25,000 engagement ring on her finger. She was still married to his second wife. However, Pauline had recently convinced War that they were incompatible by knocking him out with a bottle at a formal dinner at their home. Mr. Hill states that with alimony and wifely extravagance his inheritance has been greatly diminished.

Knowing Her Dislike for the Smell of Horses, Mrs. Hill Complains in Her Answer to Her Husband's Suit, He Rode a Horse Into Her Hotel One Day and Tried to Get It Up the Elevator Into Her Apartments to Her Great Humiliation.

Knowing her dislike for the smell of a horse, she says that one day Mr. Hill rode one into the hotel lobby trying to get the animal into the elevator and up to their apartment on the third floor. On another occasion, finding the apartment door locked, instead of using his key, she says he humiliated her by kicking it in.

Sometimes, she says, he mixed mental with physical cruelty. She recalls that one evening at their Great Mountain Ranch, in the presence of guests, he threw dimes at her, finally knocking her out of her chair onto the floor, inflicting a cut which she says has left a permanent scar. She asserts that only interference of the guests prevented him from booting her around the floor.

It is a poor and unimaginative divorce suit, these days in which the husband or wife does not relate some of the most heinous cruelties, never perpetrated an simple manner. Mrs. Hill says she got the brilliant idea of pulling the emergency cord to make the train stop so that he could throw her off the train.

The train crew are said to have persuaded the son of the railroad builder that it would be wise to throw a lady off in the middle of the desert. Nevertheless, Mrs. Hill says she will always appreciate the thought.

By way of "money cruelty" she charges that he failed to pay for the Broadmoor home and settle her debts, causing the mortgage to be foreclosed and herself to be sued, hurting her pride and credit. She also mentions that he has indulged in riotous living, buying race horses, transporting retinues of men and women at his expense and maintaining an airplane and pilot for his private use.

Far down in the long list of other alleged offenses she almost casually mentions that he has been very unfaithful, asserting that he has lavished great sums of money on one Rene Saylor and sometimes introduced her as his wife.

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Real American Maids Too Modest for a Beauty Contest



A Typical Hopi Indian Girl, Who Was One of the Few Real American Maids to Apply as an Entrant in the San Diego Contest.



Sunbeam Sky Eagle and Helen Sky Eagle, of the Ottawas. Were Among the Most Likely Candidates to Enroll. They Were Photographed by the Enterprising Press Agents With Their Brother.



One of the Beauties of the Indian Village at the Exposition is Blue Bead, Whom the Hopis Are Wagering Will Win the Beauty Crown If and When a Contest Is Held.

ONE of the chief attractions of the San Diego Exposition is the Indian Village, where braves and squaws representing some 25 tribes have assembled for the benefit of visitors who have not had an opportunity to see the so-called "Vanishing American" living in the primitive manner of his red-skinned ancestors.

It is only natural that the publicity department of the exposition would find some way of using the beaded and feathered inhabitants of the village to draw more people through the gates of the fair, and a scheme was contemplated which, for one reason or another didn't work out exactly as planned.

This scheme, born in the lively imagination of a publicity man, was an all-American beauty contest in which the best looking girls from the various tribes in the village would dress up in

their colorful regalia and parade past a committee of judges just as the bathing beauties do at Atlantic City and other headquarters for pageants of pulchritude.

Back in the days of the pioneers and the "wild and woolly West" the wives and daughters of the bronze-skinned hunters of the buffalo and the pale face had neither the time nor the inclination for such shenanigans. But times have changed. The Indians, long since the charges of Uncle Sam, have been "civilized." They have acquired the white man's point of view and manner of living. It seemed logical that the pretty maidens in the exposition village would be eager to enter a beauty contest.

But something went awry. The pretty Hopis, Ottawas, Shawnees, Apaches, Navahos and Choctaws registered very little enthusiasm for the contest. When plans for the pageant were explained to them they smiled shyly and were, to say the least, non-operative. Most of them had heard of beauty contests and had seen pictures of bathing beauties in the papers and magazines—but such going-on just

didn't inspire them to do likewise. There was only one explanation—that the all-American maids are too modest to pose as beauties.

Now, the Robot Scale

VISITORS to a fair recently held in Brussels, Belgium, were fascinated by an entirely new type of weighing machine. From morning until night, every day of the fair, they kept the robot, yawning, up their noses and telling them in a clear voice how much each of them weighed.

The inventor of the interesting and clever device was present but he declined to give a detailed description of how the robot works. He did reveal that there is an electric motor hidden in the machine's interior and that this motor, actuated by the weight of a human being on the scale sets in action its huge mouth, behind which is a loud speaker.

Time and again people tried to fool the talking weighing machine. They would patronize a standard weighing machine nearby and see their poundage registered on a dial, in the usual manner, then they would go to the robot, believing that his intricate insides would "slip a cog" and call their weights wrong. But the robot was always right, announcing the weight to the nearest pound.



In Belgium, When You Stand on This Weighing Machine, You Don't Have to Watch the Dial. The New Gadgets Simply Shout Out Your Exact Weight, and Now Only Deaf People Are Patronizing the Old-Time Scales.



Flying Mattresses Are Now a Reality, Though the Flying Carpet Is Still a Myth. Here Are Two Vacationists Trying Out the Outboard "Sleepers" on a Maine Lake.

Outboard Mattresses New Marine Luxury

NOT so many years ago the diversions of the seashore and the vacationists swam, dived, rowed a little and soaked up a little sunshine through bathing suits that covered them from neck to knee. Nowadays things are different. Dozens of new games have been devised to add to the attractions of the smart and the not-so-smart watering places. The waters of the seacoast and the country's lakes are speckled with speed boats, surf boards, aquaplanes and a hundred and one gadgets to make vacation days strenuous and enjoyable.

The two young women in the photo-

graph above are having some ultra-modern fun for themselves on the surface of Lake Marnacook, Maine. They are riding the waves on a pair of big, buoyant mattresses, especially designed for marine service. But, as the picture shows, they are not merely drifting about on these mattresses. They are scudding along at a smart pace because their broad and soft perches are equipped with powerful outboard motors.

The motorized mattresses may lack the streamlined grace of V-bottomed speed boats but they are as comfortable to ride on as anything that can be imagined and, for all their width and blunt ends they travel over the

water smoothly and at a good rate of speed. The young women trying out the amusing craft think that the Flying Carpet of the Arabian Nights couldn't have been more fun.

Vacationists at the Maine Summer resort get a kick out of racing the mobile mattresses and have discovered that there is a knack to turning around a buoy and handling the "boats" in a stiff breeze and choppy water.

The mattresses are extremely popular with sun bathers, who can chug out into the middle of the lake, shut off the motor and bob lazily about far from shore while basking in the energizing rays.

Broken-Hearted Dog That Became a Vagrant

FIVE years ago Chico, a thoroughbred female Chow, was one of the happiest and slickest dogs in Rockland, Maine. Today Chico is a pitiful, broken-hearted vagrant that spends most of her time lying on the sidewalk beneath the window of a room in Knox Hospital. It was in that room that Chico's mistress, Mrs. Rex Dane, died more than five years ago after a lingering illness. For many months Chico slept on a rug beside Mrs. Dane's bed and the dog, taken away just before the woman died, just can't forget her mistress nor believe that she won't, some day, appear in the window

and speak affectionate words. For three months after Mrs. Dane's death the dog kept her vigil beneath that window. She snarled at well-meaning people who tried to induce her to go home with them and eat. Night after night, with the thermometer below zero, she stretched out on the sidewalk. There were times when the snow buried the dog to the tip of her nose.

Nowadays Chico, grown infirm and unkempt, does not spend so much time beneath the window of the room where her mistress died, but not a day passes that the dog doesn't pass the spot, stop and let out one long,

mournful cry. For four years it was seldom that Chico entered a house. She spent most of her time at the hospital or lying outside the Thorndike Hotel which Mrs. Dane frequently visited during her life. When she was hungry the dog would whine at the back doors of certain restaurants and meat markets where she never failed to get a meal.

Chico is nobody's dog and everybody's dog. Everyone in the city knows her and loves her but, in her great heart, she is interested in only one thing—finding her beloved mistress again.

Married on Horseback

BECAUSE George Van Horn first met Rose Wallace on a Washington, D. C., bridge-path—and because both of them hail from Texas and are expert riders—the couple decided that, when they were married, it would be fitting for them to voice their vows while in the saddle.

The other day the time came for Miss Wallace to become Mrs. Van Horn and they carried out their plan to the letter. Dressed in modish riding outfits the bride and bridegroom and a dozen attendants, also mounted, rode to Memorial Circle, in Alexandria, Virginia, which is only a short distance over the line from the Capital.

There they were met by the Reverend Pierce S. Ellis, pastor of the community's First Baptist Church, who was quite willing to officiate at the rather unusual ceremony but who declined to climb up on the back of a horse to read the nuptial services. The minister did not explain whether his refusal to sit in the saddle was based on his inexperience as an equestrian or whether it seemed to him that the ceremony would lack dignity if he conducted it with his feet in the stirrups and the reins hooked over the horn of a saddle.

The strange procession attracted a great deal of attention in the little Virginia town, but the principals and the attendants were very much on their dignity for the occasion and did not put on speed on their way to Memorial Circle. After the wedding, however, the party fell in a less serious mood and rode back to the reception at a brisk canter.

The mounted principals and their friends did not feel that they were parties to a "freak wedding." Virginia is a "horsey" State and everybody who can afford to keeps at least one saddle horse and indulges in the ancient sport of riding to hounds.



George Van Horn and Miss Rose Wallace, Being Joined in Matrimony While on Horseback, in Virginia. The Clergyman Balked at Mounting a Horse for the Ceremony.

Will Rogers' Funniest Wise-Cracks

Examples of the Shrewd Philosophy and Homely Wit and Humor That Made Him World Famous



Of the Songwriters of "Tin-Pan-Alley," Rogers Wrote That They should be Segregated and Made to Sing Their Songs to Themselves. (Illustration from "Will Rogers' Illustrated Digest," Copyright by Albert & Charles Boni.)

WE CALL Rome the seat of culture, but somebody stole the chair. We are a Nation that runs in spite of and not on account of our Government.

I know Englishmen that have had the same well-bred butler all their lives and they are just as rude as they ever were.

A bunch of American Tourists were biased and stoned yesterday in France, but not until they had finished buying.

I didn't know before I got there and they told me all this—that Rome had Senators. Now I know why it declined.

It is the open season now in Europe for grouse and Americans. They shoot the grouse and put them out of their misery.

As to Tourists: You can tell a Tourist after a long tour, they have held a Guidebook in one hand so long they have learned to do everything with the other hand.

I tried to find out who the Barbarians were. From the best I could learn, Barbarians were people who stole from you. If you stole from the Barbarians you were indexed in your History as a Christian.

About nine-tenths of the stuff going on under the guise of Art is the Banana Oil. They call it Art to get to take off the clothes. When you ain't nothing else you are an Artist. It's the one thing you can claim to be and nobody can prove you ain't.

Ziegfeld took Michaelangelo's statues, took some of the fat off them with a diet of lamb chops and pheasants, in place of milk wagon. You drink Goat's milk steady for two weeks and you can butt your way into a Bronx local.

It's why so many Singers and Tenors come from Italy. There's no voice advancement in Cow Juce. It's the shrill yell of the Nanny that brings out all that is worst in a Tenor.

Concerning Senators: We got a lot of Senators that have been elected on nothing but a Slogan, but what have they cost us after they got it?

It ain't the initial cost of a Senator that we have to look out for, but his upkeep after we get him in there. He may be the deciding vote on an appropriation bill that will cost the country more than a hundred high-priced men would.

You take a fellow that has never juggled with real look and he don't know the value of it, a billion and a million sound so much alike that he thinks all the difference is just in the spelling.

From "Letters of a Self-Made Diplomat to His President," Republished by Special Permission of the Copyright Holding, Copyright by Albert & Charles Boni.

GRAMMAR and I get along like a Russian and a bathtub.

The Mongolians attacked and absorbed China until the supply of Mongolians gave out.

Concerning Lady Astor: Every time she comes to the show I try to get her to stand up and take a bow, but she won't. And over in the House of Commons they can't get her to sit down.

Americans are getting like a Ford car—they all have the same parts, the same upholstery and make exactly the same noises.

Russian men wear their shirts hanging outside their pants. Well, any nation that don't know enough to stick their shirt tail in will never get anywhere.

Any man that knows enough to say nothing always wins the admiration of those of us who feel that we can do the talking much better than he can anyway.

I see by the papers that they are going to change the name of Hoover Dam. That is the silliest thing I ever heard of in politics. They are going to take the name of Hoover away from that Dam. All right, if they feel that way about it, I don't see why they don't just transfer the name.

War-torn Europe had a chance to chuckle in 1914 when Rogers, then in the Midnight Follies in New York, made

this comment on Ford's peace ship to Europe:

"If he'll take these girls we got right here in this show and let 'em wear the same costumes and march 'em down between the trenches, believe me, the boys will be out of the trenches by Christmas."

From General Sources:

I AM not so strong on art myself as a commodity. Athens, Greece, was manly with art. Now they ain't eating regular.

Argentina exports wheat, meat and gigolos, and the United States puts a tariff on the wrong two.

The mind you read something and you can't understand it, you can almost be sure it was drawn up by a lawyer.

Proposing something in a debate is just about like writing a letter to your Congressman—nothing ever comes of it.

They got a great idea over there in Russia. They divide everything up, but nobody had anything to divide in the first place.

An aside to Mrs. Coolidge: Well, Grace, you can imitate Cal's voice better'n me, but look what you had to go through to learn it.

England has more money invested in dress suits and dinner jackets than America has plows and farming utensils.

While traveling on an English boat Mr. Rogers radioed: "I have misplaced my dress suit and letters of introduction, so haven't eaten anything or met any one."

The only real function of diplomats is in deceiving their own people after their own dumbness has got them into a war.

Remember Huey Long's all-night Senate filibuster, Rogers remarked: At that point he pulled the biggest and most educational novelty ever introduced in the Senate. He read 'em the Constitution of the U. S. A lot of 'em thought he was reviewing a new book.

To a sightseer at his California home: See those pretty, white fences? Every one arounds a mortgage.

The first wise-crack that brought Rogers fame was in a Wild West show at the old Garden. He didn't mean to be funny, but while swinging his lariat, he drawled: "Swinging a rope is all right if your neck ain't in it." Everybody laughed and that started him off as a humorist.

Now about the gold standard—do you know whether you are on the gold or off the gold? If you don't know, feel in your pocket. If you are still in doubt, feel in your teeth. Brother, you are off the gold, that is all.

People often ask me, "Will, where do you get your jokes?" I just tell them, "Well, I just watch the Government and report the facts, that is all I do, and I don't even think it necessary to exaggerate."

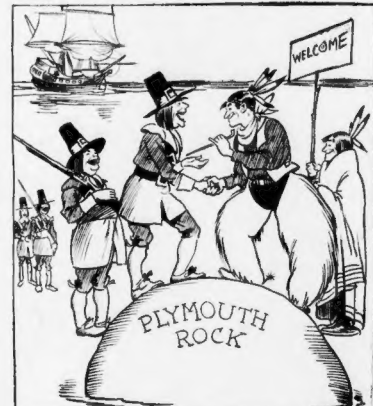


The Last Photograph of Will Rogers.



Will Rogers as He Was When Twirling the Lasso and Wise-Cracking in Ziegfeld's Follies.

HEARD King George make a speech in 1930. I was over to the Disarmament Conference. I have a habit of going to all those—that is my pleasure. Some people go to baseball games, some go to other things. I go for my laughs and things just to the Disarmament Conference. And I went there and the King made a wonderful speech. When he made his speech—here is something funny I'll never forget—he stood in front of a chair, and he said, "I am sitting down during his speech. Then he walked out and we still stood, and then four men came in and carried this chair out. We didn't know what it was. Well, it was the Crown Chair. What had happened was, he saw the American delegation sitting there, he had gone out, and when he got outside, you know, he happened to think of this chair and think of this delegation and of the way Americans are always cursing, and he says, 'Boys, go back and get that chair, will you, and bring it here?' I'll never forget that.



Rogers Was Part Indian and Proud of It. Once He said: "Maybe my ancestors didn't come over on the Mayflower, but they met the boat."

IF the Father of our Country, George Washington, was Tutankhamen tomorrow, and after being aroused from his tomb, was told that the American people today spend two Billion Dollars yearly on Bathing Material, he would say: "WHAT GOT 'EM SO DIRTY?"

Regarding Luck and Work: It's the four-leaf clover that brings home the bacon.

George M. Cohan wrote out more flags than a war waving them to the music.

I think they (Songwriters) are in a class with the After Dinner Speakers. They should be like Vice used to be in some towns. They should be segregated off to themselves and not allowed to associate with people at all, and should be made to sing these songs to each other. That's the only way you will ever do away with the Songwriting business.

From "Will Rogers' Illustrated Digest," Copyright by Albert & Charles Boni.

I WAS gonna write a book about the war, but I heard some fellow had already done it.

The Russians make mighty good husbands. If the wives raise anything, why, the husbands are perfectly willing to take it to town and sell it.

Now the President says we are going to recognize the Czechoslovakia. We may recognize them, but we will never pronounce them.

The President would have taken a Senator with him to the Peace Conference but couldn't find one that had a dress suit.

From "The Cowboy Philosopher on the Peace Conference," Copyright by Harper & Bros.

France wants to get in on the debt settlement. On account of them paying nothing, as is, under the new settlement we are to start paying them.

The old dukes and duchesses can converse in a lot of languages, but they're not strong on making a living in any of them.

Depression ain't nothing but old man interest just gnawing away at us. It's been better if we'd let the first guy foreclose on us and shrunk instead of trying to expand.

I know a lot of you will say, "We must preserve the Union, you know. I have heard that. We must preserve the Union. Well, we say—the Union is well preserved right now. It's pretty near picked."

His Self-Written Obituary.

WHEN I die my epitaph or whatever you call those signs on grave-stones, is going to read, "I joked about every prominent man of my time, but I never met a man I didn't like." I am proud of that. I can hardly wait to die so it can be carved. And when you come around to my grave you'll probably find me sitting there proudly reading it.

Happily Wed- To His Wife's Daughter

GUY MOFFAT, who had been in the California gold fields for three years, walked into his home in Sunnyvale, Alabama, one cheerful afternoon.

Little Guy, his son, who had been an infant in a cradle when Moffat went away, pointed a chubby finger at his father and scowled.

"Who is that man, Mummy?" the youngster asked. Although he was changed by privation and illness, she recognized him instantly, and instantly she shot a guilty glance at the cradle the same cradle that had held Moffat's infant son when he went away.

Now the cradle had another occupant, a smiling baby girl!

Cynthia Moffat tried to speak. Several times she tried, and only a choking sound came forth.

"Guy—Guy, don't touch me, please—wait until I explain—!"

Guy Moffat did a strange thing, he went over to the cradle and sat down, beside it, rocking it gently. Then he looked up at his trembling wife.

"Well now, Cynthia, don't feel like this. Why should I touch you? And who is your baby's father—she's your baby isn't she?"

Cynthia felt a great surge of relief. There was no anger in her husband's heart.

"Yes, Guy—she's my little baby girl—and—Peter Veltrie is baby's father."

"Well, Peter Veltrie is a good and honest man, with brains enough to stay home and work steadily. I can see how it is, my dear. You thought that I must be dead. You were sure that I wouldn't last three years pass without writing to you, if I were living, and so you married Peter. Now that's all right. I'll go back prospecting for gold again, that's all I'm good for."

Cynthia turned pale then.

"But—but Guy, Peter isn't my husband. We aren't married—!"

She began to cry. Guy got up and went to her, helped her into a chair, patted her on the shoulder.

"Not married, eh?" Moffat said up and down. He didn't see Peter Veltrie stop at the open door. "That can be fixed up," he went on. "Why should I spoil everything by making a lot of useless trouble. I will give you a divorce!"

An exclamation of surprise and relief escaped Peter Veltrie in the door, and he rushed Moffat and his wife to look up.

Moffat crossed to the door and shook hands.

"Everything will be fixed up, Peter. I'll divorce Cynthia, all I ask is that you marry her. As soon as Cynthia gets her divorce I'll go back prospecting again."

"Yes—yes, of course. And Guy—don't blame Cynthia, blame me. My house burned, money lost her life. I took



There Was an Exclamation of Surprise From Peter Veltrie, and Moffat and His Wife Looked Up at the Father of the Child. Moffat, Instead of Raging, Crossed to the Door and Shook Hands With the Arrival.

the insurance money and paid the mortgage on your house and moved in. Cynthia said there was to be no love-making. Well, we both tried, and Cynthia said that after another year of waiting for you she would marry me. Little Mary Lou was born, and now you come back!"

"Yes, Veltrie. When I went to California to settle on an orange grove and bring out the family, I got the gold fever and went prospecting. I got lost in a desert. I have proof of all of this—I went crazy from thirst—I was rescued but they said my mind was gone. I don't remember that, but my mind became clear again not long ago, so I rushed home at once. As soon as Cynthia gets her divorce I'll go back prospecting again."

Moffat petted the little baby girl that was his wife's but not his, and kissed her on the start.

While waiting to arrange the divorce an epidemic of malaria swept up the Cahaba River valley. Cynthia Moffat and Peter Veltrie were stricken. Guy Moffat remained and nursed them to health.

Moffat had married Cynthia when she was 16 and he only 18. He was not quite 22.

Cynthia got her divorce and then Guy Moffat kissed but one person before starting back to the gold fields—he kissed baby Mary Lou, his wife's daughter.

Three more years passed. Guy Moffat did not make a fortune but he found pay dirt here and there and he was a saving man. He felt an urge to go back—he wanted to see his wife's baby girl.

So he went back to visit them. He brought gifts to them and he found Mary Lou a beautiful little golden-haired girl, playing about the yard. He remained a week, and then again he went back to his search for gold.

Nine years passed and Guy Moffat came back to Sunnyvale, Alabama, once more.

This time Mary Lou was a sweet and smart girl of 12, more beautiful than ever.

"I don't like to be so far away," Moffat told them, "sell this place and I will add to your money and set you up in a beautiful orange grove near San Bernardino."

They had a pretty home and they prospered much better than they had in Alabama.

Two or three times a year Guy Moffat came and visited them, always bringing presents, and especially wonderful presents for Mary Lou.

For four more years he prospered, lived economically, saved money. At the end of the four years Mary Lou was 16.

"Cynthia," Moffat said to his wife, "I'm not enough like Enoch Arden to go away and die. I'm only 37 and I am in love. We are going to be married. I'm only 37."

Guy and Mary Lou were married at once, and every-one concerned seems to be quite happy.

Killed Her Own Son, Masquerading As Her Hotel Guest

CARL MAUSER, who was having a farewell party in his room in a Chicago boarding house. After fifteen years in this country, he was returning to his old home in Austria.

"It's going to be the biggest surprise my mother and sister ever had," he told his friends. "They aren't expecting me, and I doubt if they will recognize me—for I was a skinny kid of sixteen when I went away."

He laughed, and looked in a mirror—at his full face and stout figure.

"I'm going to play a trick on them. You see, they run an inn, which has been in my family for generations, and stands high on a mountain, five miles above Innsbruck. I'm going to walk into the inn and ask for a room, and if they don't know me, I'll spend the night there and tell them who I am at breakfast."

So Carl Mauser arrived at Innsbruck some weeks later, and in his wallet he had \$1,500 in cash, which he intended to give to his mother for a Christmas present.

The snow on the road was too deep for cars or horses, but Carl was in a hurry to see his mother and sister, and set out for Mauser Inn on foot. He did not mind the snow, he had made it many times in his youth.

The night of lamp light gleaming through the windows of his old home made his heart beat faster. A pretty girl opened the door, and Carl recognized her at once—his sister, Teresa.

But just as he had anticipated, Teresa did not know him. She opened and she asked: "Welcome to Mauser Inn, sir."

Frau Mauser, who had not known him, either. So he smiled at her and asked: "Have you a room for me?"

"Mauser Inn is never without a room for a worthy guest," she replied.

Never suspecting that this was her son, Frau Mauser helped Carl remove his snow-covered overcoat, and at that moment it was all he could do to keep from taking her into his arms.

He was offered supper, but explained that he had eaten in Innsbruck, and after having and out before a wood fire, he asked to be shown to his room.

"The warmest room is over the kitchen," Frau Mauser said. "It used to be my son's room—but you can have it, if you like."

When she asked his name, without hesitating he gave the name of a friend: "Douglas Morrill of Chicago."

"Chicago? Well, well! I have a son in Chicago." Carl smiled so broadly he was afraid he was giving away his secret, but Frau Mauser, who had been looking at him from his pocket. But Carl, so pleased about being home again, and enthusiastic about the joke he had named, failed to note the aversion glances of his mother.

He failed also, to note the evidences of poverty apparent everywhere about his old home. Nor did he see the fear that was written on the face of his sister.

Since his luggage had been left in Innsbruck and would not be sent up until morning, he offered to pay in advance. But when Frau Mauser saw that he had a large

amount of cash with him, she put her hand on his arm and said: "Ah, I can see that you are an American millionaire. Put your money away—we can trust you. There is no need for you to pay in advance. We will take good care of you, and it will not cost you much."

Watching him closely, to see if she was putting the price too steep, she mentioned a sum which was the equivalent of \$10, and said that would be the daily rate, meals included. When Carl thought of how surprised she was going to be when he turned over \$1,500 to her in the morning, he almost laughed. But he said: "I think that price is reasonable."

The woman nodded. "Poor mother! She has had to work so hard, running this inn—no wonder she feels a little covetous at the sight of so much cash. How happy she is going to be when it is all hers!"

Frau Mauser led him to his room, but he knew every step of the way, and could have found it with his eyes shut. At the door, he said: "Good night! I think we're going to have a fine day tomorrow!"

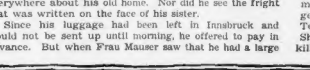
The woman nodded. "You—a fine day? Well, perhaps dreams!"

As she hurried to shut the door, a faint, but heart was beating fast. She whispered to her daughter: "Did you see all of that money?"

"Mother! What are you thinking?" The daughter paled. "Preparations for a shock. He must have been on the way to see you, for he was stabbed to death and robbed last night at the foot of the cliff."

He showed Carl's passport, which had been found on the body, and which Frau Mauser in her haste had overlooked. As Carl had anticipated, when his mother and sister learned his identity, it was the biggest surprise they ever had. Frau Mauser collapsed, as though she were a bundle of rags. The shock had killed her. Teresa screamed.

Then she told the whole story. Teresa had wanted to lead the guest's room that night and was about to tell her mother had kept a careful eye on her, so eager was she to get hold of the stranger's money. There was no doubt that Teresa had been foolish to do so, her mother would have been able to escape punishment by the law. But she killed herself before she could be taken to court.



The Next Morning a Policeman Told How the Hotel Guest Had Been Slain. The Masquerading Son Met Death When His Mother and Sister, Unaware of His Identity, Had Stabbed Him and Thrown Him Over the Cliff.

Officially A Widow—But Has Pension And Husband, Too

"Sirs—I must ask you to cancel my soldier's widow pension as I have never been a widow."

"Mrs. William Edwards."

THIS, in effect, was a communication received by the British postal authorities in the department that issues pensions to the widows of soldiers.

The official who first read it read it again.

"Tut-tut!" he murmured. "Serious, very serious," and he took the letter to a superior.

"H-m-m-m," commented the higher official, "one of those rare cases where a person's conscience begins to prick."

Yes, sir, and the Crown has been paying her a pension for nearly 16 years!

"We can't ignore this, you know—not a bit of it. Money under false pretenses, swindling the Crown. Even if her conscience does trouble her now, at this 11th hour, we must make an example of her. Send an investigator to have her arrested!"

And so an investigator from the Pensions Bureau, which is in the Postal Department, was sent to the village of Fulbourne, some four miles from Cambridge, to call upon Mrs. William Edwards.

"You have been taking pension money from the Crown all these years and you were not a soldier's widow?" Mrs. Edwards was asked when the investigator had introduced himself.

"Yes, sir—I was not a widow at all. You see—!"

"But, madam, this is a serious matter! You will have to come with me to be held for trial. And your husband, he must have been aware of this swindle—!"

"It was no swindle, sir. My husband is in there, but please don't distress him too much."

The officer looked the next room and saw a thin, gray man sitting staring out of the window. There was something almost uncanny about him.

Mrs. Edwards touched the officer's arm and beckoned him back.

"He came back last week, sir. He had been almost 20 years since I had seen him. He went to the front immediately after the war started, then he was later transferred to one of those Eastern fronts. The last word I had about

amount of cash with him, she put her hand on his arm and said: "Ah, I can see that you are an American millionaire. Put your money away—we can trust you. There is no need for you to pay in advance. We will take good care of you, and it will not cost you much."

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"We will not be afraid to take it!"

"We will not be afraid to say anything to him." Frau Mauser opened a drawer in an old cupboard and took out a dagger. "He will never know the money is gone."

"Would you kill him?"

"It's the only way. We'll throw his body over the cliff. We were sure to be noticed before morning and every-one will think he was robbed before reaching the inn. Later, we will sell the place and go to America to see Carl."

The next morning a policeman called at the inn. "Have you a relative in America?"

"Yes—my son, Carl Mauser."

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Then she told the whole story. Teresa had wanted to lead the guest's room that night and was about to tell her mother had kept a careful eye on her, so eager was she to get hold of the stranger's money. There was no doubt that Teresa had been foolish to do so, her mother would have been able to escape punishment by the law. But she killed herself before she could be taken to court.

"We will not be afraid to take it!"

"We will not be afraid to say anything to him." Frau Mauser opened a drawer in an old cupboard and took out a dagger. "He will never know the money is gone."

"Would you kill him?"

"It's the only way. We'll throw his body over the cliff. We were sure to be noticed before morning and every-one will think he was robbed before reaching the inn. Later, we will sell the place and go to America to see Carl."

The next morning a policeman called at the inn. "Have you a relative in America?"

"Yes—my son, Carl Mauser."

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Cows As Big As Cows For Their Milk?

EVERY now and then some genius has a brilliant idea that he thinks will add many blessings to mankind, but it took a Chicago veterinarian, Dr. Burton Rogers, to suggest that "sows" milk should take the place of cow milk.

The majority of people have great prejudices about what they eat, and it would be very difficult to educate them so that they liked sow's milk. For one thing, few persons realize that the pig is a very clean animal. Give it a chance and it will bathe frequently and keep itself free from dirt.

All animals as well as plants can be bred for size and all other desirable qualities. The original wild cow produced only about 2,000 pounds of milk annually, but with domestication and proper feeding a cow will now normally yield 27,000 pounds of milk in a year. If a cow why not a sow?

Hogs sometimes weigh more than a thousand pounds and sows will tip the scales frequently at 700 or even 800 pounds. A scientist of the Department of Agriculture who has made a study of pigs for a number of years past says that it would probably take fifty years to make the sow into a really large animal and to produce any quantity of milk. A sow is a wild animal compared to the cow and would be terrified if a human being tried to milk it. It would have to be muzzled and being so frightened it would yield practically no milk. Even a cow will not give milk when alarmed.

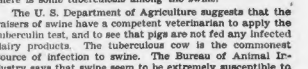
The pig is an omnivorous animal and in that respect much more like man than the cow. It has more of the elements of human milk than has that of the cow.

The idea that the sow is non-tubercular is a mistake. Probably no disease affecting the human race or livestock is better known or has been the object of so much study as tuberculosis. Present knowledge of the disease is derived from many sources, including the work of eminent scientists in every State and Territory of this country. There is some tuberculosis among the swine.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture suggests that the raisers of swine have a competent veterinarian to apply the tuberculin test, and to see that pigs are not fed dairy products. The tuberculous cow is the commonest source of infection to swine. The Bureau of Animal Industry says that swine seem to be extremely susceptible to tuberculosis.

The type of tuberculosis which affects poultry is readily transmitted to swine. This is known as avian tuberculosis. Cattle and human beings are seldom affected with avian tuberculosis. The disease may spread to healthy swine when they eat the carcasses of tuberculous fowls, rats or mice.

The Department of Agriculture says that the hog is by far the most valuable farm animal in utilizing farm wastes



It Is Possible, Science Thinks, to Breed Sows to the Size of Cows for Their Milk. Which, If Done, Would Produce a Picture Like This. An Output Totaling at Least 20,000 Pounds of Milk a Year Is the Aim.

and in converting the concentrates raised on the farm into a marketable product.

The farmers of the prosperous parts of the country long ago recognized the merits of the hog as a money-maker. Farmers in certain other parts of the country who heretofore have been confining their efforts to grain production are beginning to look to the hog for assistance to make ends meet or to produce a profit. Without the hog, profits in the big cattle-fattening industry of the Central West would be jeopardized.

It has now been suggested that some enterprising farmer try to make use of Dr. Rogers' idea, and try his hand at breeding swine for large size and try domesticating them so that the sows would allow human beings to milk them. There might be an enormous fortune in it eventually and quite a lot of fame. Think of a pig as big as a cow! It would be a tremendously interesting undertaking, every litter of piglets yielding some of greater size than their parents. It might be a great chance for an ambitious young man.

Success, in some degree, has been achieved in the matter of increasing the size of sows on poultry farms. Careful and scientific breeding. The physical proportions of canine animals have been increased or decreased by breeding. There does not seem to be any reason, scientists say, why a sow as big as a cow could not be developed.

All regions of the United States may be considered suitable for raising hogs, inasmuch as feeds used to grow and fatten hogs can be produced to

Unpleasant Mishaps on France's Pleasure Coast

Pretty Baroness Punched by Imperial Archduke, Lovely Russian Dancer Jumps Out of Window and Royal Prince Is Escorted Across Frontier by Police



Mlle. Yvonne d'Argent, Who Keeps the Gay "Poussard" Night Resort at Nice, and Whose Distinguished Friend, Baron Clement von Radowitz, Was Recently Arrested on Charges of Being a Spy, Dealing in Drugs and Other Peccadilloes. On the Right Is the Notorious Sui Generis Bridge at Monte Carlo.

MONTE CARLO, Aug. 30. **W**HAT lucky dogs they must be who can while away the sunny hours and days on the Riviera with wine, women and song, gambling and skin games of various kinds!

How many weary, hard-working Americans have had this thought! But, after all, life is not so gay on France's pleasure coast these days. Gloom, gambling and skin games of various kinds!

One is, of course, liable to lose one's bankroll, as one always was, and nowadays in addition to a frightful headache from wine doled out by some charming acquaintance of the highest aristocracy, one may acquire a black eye, a broken nose and even occasionally a bullet. In fact, one can have just as good a time in the liveliest quarter of New York, where so many of these things are taken for granted.

It is quite shocking to find how the manners of the European aristocracy have degenerated since pre-war days. Some plebeian Americans were shocked to see the distinguished young Archduke Francis Joseph of Hapsburg, descendant of the most ancient Imperial Family in Europe, swing his fist on the jaw of the lovely blonde Baronesse Maria von Kahlen.

The couple were seated at a table in the exclusive Casino Casino with a bottle of champagne beside them, engaged in a hectic conversation. Perhaps they were disputing about the impending restoration of the Imperial Hapsburg Family to the throne, or the doubtful quality of the champagne, or the lack of money to pay for it.

Suddenly the Archduke's fist shot out and caught the blonde Baroness on the jaw, knocking her head over heels and revealing the very latest in "undies." Incidentally, the fist knocked a long black cigar out of the Baroness's mouth, which annoyed her as much as anything else. She got up trembling and in tears and engaged in an exciting but intimate conversation with the Archduke which nobody could hear. The distinguished Archduke did not seem to be apologizing and perhaps he was telling her she would get another sock if she said it again. After a time they went away together in a taxicab just as if nothing unusual had happened.

This striking scene would have been

considered disgraceful at a Coney Island beer garden, but it did not appear to shock the aristocratic spectators very much, and perhaps added enjoyment to a rather dull evening. Among those present were Lord Cobham with Lady Cobham, formerly Evelyn St. Clair Turner, of New York; the Princess Christian of Hesse, formerly Elizabeth Reid Rogers, of New York, and other fashionable Americans.

The unpleasantness and scandals that have been so common on the gay coast often turn to tragedy. Most of those who make their living by catering to the pleasures of visitors are very hard-up, sometimes reduced to extreme distress. They are desperate, their tempers are on edge, and they don't care much whether they live or die. The result is not exactly to create a gay atmosphere.

A gifted and charming Russian dancer, Mme. Liubov Rostova, tried to commit suicide because everything had gone so badly with her, both in love and art, and now she lies between life and death. Once she was a phenomenal success in her art, a spoiled child of fortune. So much was she admired as a dancer she became "premiere danseuse" in the Russian Ballet at Monte Carlo when she was only seventeen, a position that placed her intimately in the eyes of the world's richest pleasure-seekers. Nothing was too costly or luxurious for her at that time.

A marriage she contracted with David Lichine, the Hollywood dancer, turned out badly and she started a divorce suit against him recently. She won an artistic success this year in the role of the Bat in the "Cottillon Ballet," but there is not much money in anything in Monte Carlo, not even in the gambling Casino.

She lived here in the apartment of her mother, Madame Louise Kilberg, aged 41, and the latter's lover, Boris Sourbasse, several years younger—

a not unusual form of gaiety on the Riviera.

The other night her mother asked her to go with them to a festivity at a cabaret on the Avenue des Spingues, a thoroughfare named after a prehistoric tribe that lived hereabouts in lustrous sea-caves and fed on harpacticoids. The prospect did not seem enticing to the young woman. She excused herself on the ground that she had a headache and retired early—to Boris' room on the fifth floor.

Mme. Kilberg and her companion returned to the hotel in the small hours of the morning. As Boris entered his room to undress before going to Mme. Kilberg's apartment, the young dancer suddenly uttered a cry of terror, sprang from the couch and leaped out of the window.

What made her commit the rash act? The most commonly accepted explanation is that she thought Boris was a ghost and so terrible did he look to her that she tried to kill herself. Her mind had been dwelling on certain mad and heart-breaking thoughts and she was just between sleeping and waking and in a likely condition to see ghosts. This is the view that is taken by the police, but others think that her act of despair was due to a more rational cause.

If there is a Royal Family of greater antiquity and historic grandeur than the Hapsburgs it is the Royal Bourbon Family, that formerly ruled over France, Spain and many other parts of the world. But just now the Bour-

The Eccentric Prince Louis de Bourbon, Cousin of ex-king Alfonso, Who Has Just Been Ex-ported Out of France for the Second Time by the Police, Compelling Him to Abandon the Riviera, with His Venerable Wife.

bons are displaying even less grandeur than the Hapsburgs. One of the Royal Bourbon Family, Prince Louis Ferdinand de Bourbon, cousin of ex-king Alfonso of Spain and son of the Infanta Eulalia, who represented Spain with great éclat at the famous World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, has been having a lot of trouble.

Prince Louis Ferdinand has just been pinched by the police in a cheap hotel in Cannes and ordered to leave France within three days. This is the second time Prince Louis Ferdinand, a lively descendant of the "Grand Monarque," has been turned out of France by common policemen — an indignity to a Royal Prince that would have been unthinkable a few generations ago.

But there are some things that modern France will not tolerate and which are not considered proper even to revise the drooping galaxy of the Riviera. The Prince was expelled from France once before for similar reasons. On that occasion he attracted the attention of the police by yelling for help from the second story window of a Paris restaurant because two common salons were pinching him.

It appears that he had met those two rule fellows and invited them to a "nice treat," which turned out to be a different kind of treat from what they expected. The French Government turned him out of France "for reasons too delicate to explain," as the officials phrased it, and a police inspector accompanied the Prince to the Italian frontier to see that he did not linger. King Alfonso had announced that he would not have him back in Spain.

Prince Louis Ferdinand was for a long time the cherished prospective fiancee of Mrs. Maybelle Gilman Corey, the former musical comedy star and

divorced wife of a Pittsburg steel king. She explained that she had him thrown out of her hotel she was heard telling him some very plain truths.

Following the Prince's expulsion from France his engaging concealed qualities captivated the aged Princess Charlotte de Broc, a 75-year-old widow of great wealth but failing mind. She was by birth one of the immensely rich Say sugar-refining family.

The Prince became engaged to the old Princess while in Italy. Her family went to law to stop the marriage, saying no woman with all her senses could wish to marry such a man, but she explained with truth that she was old enough to know what she was doing. The court decided in her favor and the wedding proceeded.

The next step was to obtain the consent of the French Government to the Prince's return to France. He longed unutterably to return to the Riviera, where he finds more congenial society than anywhere on earth. With his venerable wife's help he attained this desire. She hired a first-class lawyer who poured eloquent arguments into the ears of the French officials.

"This descendant of French Kings, this trustee of Frenchmen, longs to return to his motherland as no exiled lover ever yearned to return to his sweetheart," said the lawyer. "A devoted French wife joins her prayers to his. I beg you to make this loving couple happy."

And so the precious boon of returning to the Riviera was granted. Now

Suddenly the Imperial Archduke's Fist Shot Out and Caught the Pretty, Blonde Baroness on the Jaw, Knocking Her Big Cigar Out of Her Mouth, and Sending Her Head Over Heels.

The Prince has been exiled for the same old reason and the Princess does not pray to have him back.

The Baron Clement von Radowitz is a magnificent type of the old Riviera habitué. He is very large, impressive and full of words and I. O. U.'s, wears very loud clothes and a carload of decorations. He has been charged at various times with being a spy, swindler, trafficker in drugs and various other things. Most of his life he has lived in France, except during the war, when he is said to have been in the German Secret Service, where his French experience made him a valuable commodity.

While the Baron has been an occasional visitor to Paris, Berlin, London, New York and other centers, his favorite stamping ground has been Nice, the metropolis of the Riviera. There his usual companion, his helpmeet, so to speak, has been Mlle. Yvonne d'Argent, who was a noted music-hall artist twenty years ago.

For several years Mlle. d'Argent has kept the "Poussard," a night resort at Nice, out of which she made a lot of money in good times. She is a clever and amiable girl, with nothing against her but her late in friends. Her association with the flamboyant Baron has proved expensive for her. He was locked up the other day for passing bad checks and evading the order for expulsion from France. At the same time the cabaret which Mlle. d'Argent had been running at Juan-les-Pins, also in the Riviera, in imitation of her Nice resort, went bankrupt.

American visitors who had enjoyed the privilege of the Baron's intimacy could hardly believe he had been arrested for passing bad checks and are inclined to feel indignant at all. The city of Toulon is still talking of the strange attempted suicide of two seventeen-year-old girls, Mlle. Elise Panico and Mlle. Suzanne Harant-Panico, who leaped together from the ancient city ramparts. Happily they only suffered minor injuries, for although the walls are 25 feet high, the ditch into which they fell was full of mud, breaking the force of their fall.

Even when a lady of high rank and irreproachable character tries to get an entertainment to improve conditions on the Riviera, some gigolo or wastrel of the region is pretty sure to spoil it. This was what happened when the Duchess de Noailles, member of one of the most historic families in France, planned an artistic review of fashions for the benefit of the poor of Nice. A beggar, curious to know how one got acted when staging a benefit party for the down and out, implored the Duchess to let him have a look at a dead head, and she kindly consented.

The day following the spree, as the Duchess was strolling along the Croisette at Cannes, she was Her Grace's surprise and mortification to see this beggar, assisted by a troupe of ragged vagabonds, recruited from the slums of Cannes, parodying her review. These shameless ruffians were actually mimicking and mocking the Duchess and the other aristocratic performers of the preceding night, to the great amusement of the bystanders.

**The Story of What
Happened When
the Missionary's
Daughter
Sought the Aid
of a
Witch-Doctor
in Capturing
a Husband**

"Haven't seen you look so well for a long time," said the Rev. Parker Widgery at breakfast. "Must have got that ~~over~~ out of your bones." He peered at her through thick spectacles.

"Miss Widgery! What a bit of luck! We were just talking about you," he said in enthusiastic greeting.

tially feminine at heart, she was far from unconscious of the interest aroused by the party. From tables all about glances envious and amazed were directed at her. Women whispered together, raising their eyebrows. To be th

"Listen," said Ivy sharply, "can you get any more o-

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(Continued on Page 21)

The Church of England Adopts Faith-Healing

Remarkable "Cures" by the Reverend John Maillard Bring About the Creation of a Ministry of Spiritual Healing With Himself as Its First Shepherd



The Church of St. Stephen, at Brighton, England, Where the Reverend Mr. Maillard Preaches.

LONDON, Aug. 31. **T**HERE is a church in Brighton, England's Atlantic City, called St. Stephen's, which the Bishop of Chichester has just ordained, as the "Spiritual Center for the Church's Ministry of Healing for the Diocese of Chichester." This means the adoption of faith-healing by the Church of England, or Episcopal Church.

The Bishop has appointed a clergyman, the Rev. John Maillard, to take charge of it and conduct the special services.

To quote the official report, Mr. Maillard is "equipped for a fuller understanding of the intimate connection between moral and spiritual disorders and mental and physical ill-health. Strange to say, the present church was over a hundred years ago a ballroom frequented by the dissolute King George IV, for Brighton was, as readers of Thackeray know, the favorite haunt of that reprobate.

The healer's remarkable powers first attracted notice in London. In a Holborn, London, apartment, sat two friends. One was thin, sun-tanned and old, an ex-army officer. His eyes had the look of an invalid in pain.

His friend was dark-eyed, dark-haired and athletic; a clergyman of fifty, who looked much younger, with a burning faith in his eyes. They spoke long and earnestly, and the minister knelt down and his companion did likewise.

They prayed together, hands clasped, ex-soldier and clergyman, while the clock ticked away on the chimney-piece, the only sound in the little room. The clergyman reached out his hands, and still praying, laid them on his friend's bowed shoulders.

And at the end of their prayer the soldier cried out:

"The pain has diminished...I feel better, much, much better."

And John Maillard, champion of the science of faith-healing, went on his way, glad to have healed another sufferer's pain.

For two decades that soldier friend of his had suffered agonies from sciatica. He agreed to join in prayer with John Maillard as described, and to test the efficacy of spiritual healing, for the complaint that had baffled the best medical brains of London for many years.

The result was astonishing. The ex-officer admitted that after that experience of healing he had greater relief from pain than he had had in twenty years of medical treatment.

The Rev. John Maillard is today receiving the reward of his many years of spiritual healing. This is as yet a largely unexplored field of religious activity, and he is one of its most ardent pioneers and exponents.

St. Stephen's Church is filled with persons who say they have been miraculously cured. F. G. Evans, of Kensington Place, Brighton, said he had suffered from tuberculosis for six years:

"After about fifteen minutes, Bunty, who had never spoken in her life, suddenly lifted up her head and made strange sounds—as though she were about to sing or speak. I can only describe them as chuckles. While the whole congregation prayed for her, Mr. Maillard laid hands on Bunty."

"As he did so, she smiled up at him. I felt strength from her surge into me as I held her in my arms. She had been carried into the church. She walked out. She is now speaking."

"This child, I understand, was a victim of arrested development," explained Mr. Maillard. "Now that an impulse has been given to the normal process of development, she should grow better."

A young Episcopal clergyman made a curious confession:

"I was suffering from deafness which was making me unfit for my work, and I was going to retire, when I went to Mr. Maillard as a last resort. Unfortunately, I did not at first believe he could do so much, and my progress was slow. Now I have come to believe in his powers, and I am rapidly recovering my hearing."

Young mothers brought their babies to the altar in gratitude for cures that had been effected. Others came only in hope of being cured. There were old men with electrical apparatus in both ears; a blind girl whose mother guided her to a seat; many crippled old persons and young girls with broken hearts.

Frederick Jary, a war veteran, said: "I was born up in France in 1918 and invalided home. For nine months I was scarcely able to see. When I was asked to see I raised my eyes with my fingers, throw my head right back and struggle to look at anything."

"A friend persuaded me to go to the church with him on Friday. They prayed for me and Mr. Maillard laid his hands on my head."

"When I went to my seat I felt better. When I got home my wife was waiting for me. My eyes were open, my face was not twitching. I lay in bed and read the newspaper."

"I do not believe in the necessity of breaking new ground in the spiritual field."

"I have had astonishing experiences during my ministry. There was a woman who suffered for years from a growth, and who had been the subject of one of the most dangerous operations known to surgical science. At last she reached a stage at which she was given a few weeks more to live."

"I met that woman and she consented to join me in prayer, to take part in the holy ceremony of the laying on of hands."

"I visited her again two days later. The change in her was amazing. She was brighter and stronger than she had been for years. She told me that when

she had received the sacrament at my hands she was conscious of a glow of warmth and a new life again. He had not been able to work for years on account of his affliction, and he and his attractive young wife had lived in poverty in one room, while she made a little money by occasional work as an artist's model."

Deeply impressed by the couple's story, Mr. Maillard described the man's distressing complaint to his congregation, and they were most touched and anxious to help. During service that night Mr. Maillard consecrated a few minutes of special prayer for the man who he calls "George." They prayed earnestly and appealed that Christ's Healing Presence should be revealed to him.

Mr. Maillard called upon him next day. His young wife opened the door and she was looking radiant.

George was sitting perfectly motionless and normal-looking, and apparently cured.

He told Mr. Maillard that the night before he had had a bad attack and he was just recovering and had groped his way to a chair, when he seemed to feel an inner glow of new health. He sat upright in his chair and gradually became aware of a white light hovering in a corner of the room. It bright-

ened and took shape, and for an infinitesimal moment George saw "The Light of the World."

This man had had medical attention for five years. He had been discharged from a hospital as incurable, so it is reported.

The cure of his painful affliction though Mr. Maillard's hands occupied one week. Afterwards he went back to the hospital for a test; they made him walk quickly across the highly polished floor of the ward. The doctors pronounced him cured of paralysis and he has been well ever since.

In his work of healing, Mr. Maillard does much traveling. Rose Marie is a little girl aged three and a half years, who was born at Chagford Village, on the edge of wild Dartmoor, in Devonshire. This child was the victim of a strange form of arrested growth which had baffled specialist after specialist. She could neither walk nor talk, and her feet had never developed. They were the feet of an infant of a few months. The parents were in despair, for medical opinion had given her up as hopeless. She was incurable, said the doctors.

Her father and mother heard of Mr. Maillard's fame, and they appealed to him. Last August he began treating her, and by degrees, he says, the atrophied bones and muscles responded. She became brighter—her feet grew. On one of his visits Rose Marie's mother showed Mr. Maillard that the child's toes were now pink at the tips. They had been pressing against her little shoes, and she had had to have a second pair within a fortnight.

The parents took her to the seaside to further strengthen her. She can now walk and talk and she is developing into a normal child, Mr. Maillard declares.

Mr. Maillard and his helpers do not ignore medical aid. On the contrary, they cooperate with the doctors and surgeons, who are often appreciative of the religious faith-healer's help. They realize what a vast psychological influence for good can be exercised over the patient from the spiritual field. In the old days the doctor was supposed to look after your soul, and the church to look after your body. The two things were quite separate.

"Only twenty years ago," said Mr. Maillard, "a recognized medical book which was in my possession devoted only one page and a half to psychology out of 1,160 pages of other medical information! How low light is lying dead in dark places."

"The medical profession is glad of the spiritual healer's cooperation and the only reason they cannot do it more openly is because doctors are bound by east-iron professional rules. When a cure has been effected by prayer and laying on of hands the medical profession cannot officially admit the cure. All they can say is that 'There is now no trace of the disease.' If confronted with previous medical reports on the patient, they are obliged to say: 'There must have been a wrong diagnosis before.' They may not consult themselves."

"There are certain ailments which are delusions fostered by a sick mind; faith-healing not only effects cures of such cases, but eradicates genuine physical ill as well, just as completely through the channels of spiritual faith in God's infinite goodness and pity."



Little "Bunty" Arnold, One of the New John Maillard's War Patients, Maillard's War Patients, Maillard's War Patients, Maillard's War Patients.

With Her Mother. It is Reported That Her Condition Was Called Incurable by Medical Men, But That Her Health Has Steadily Improved Under the Faith-Healer's ministrations.



The Same "Bunty" Arnold, Once Unable to Speak or Walk, After Learning to Take a Few Steps and to Make a Crooning Sound Since the Ceremony of "Laying on of Hands" Performed by the Reverend Mr. Maillard.

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Mr. Maillard and his helpers do not ignore medical aid. On the contrary, they cooperate with the doctors and surgeons, who are often appreciative of the religious faith-healer's help. They realize what a vast psychological influence for good can be exercised over the patient from the spiritual field. In the old days the doctor was supposed to look after your soul, and the church to look after your body. The two things were quite separate.

"Only twenty years ago," said Mr. Maillard, "a recognized medical book which was in my possession devoted only one page and a half to psychology out of 1,160 pages of other medical information! How low light is lying dead in dark places."

"The medical profession is glad of the spiritual healer's cooperation and the only reason they cannot do it more openly is because doctors are bound by east-iron professional rules. When a cure has been effected by prayer and laying on of hands the medical profession cannot officially admit the cure. All they can say is that 'There is now no trace of the disease.' If confronted with previous medical reports on the patient, they are obliged to say: 'There must have been a wrong diagnosis before.' They may not consult themselves."

"There are certain ailments which are delusions fostered by a sick mind; faith-healing not only effects cures of such cases, but eradicates genuine physical ill as well, just as completely through the channels of spiritual faith in God's infinite goodness and pity."



The Reverend Mr. Maillard "Laying on Hands" at a Healing Service, With Members of the Sufferer's Family Kneeling in Prayer.



Frederick Jary, a Former British Soldier, Who, Suffering From a Nervous Disease, Sought Cure at the Faith-Healing Services.



The Same "Bunty" Arnold, Once Unable to Speak or Walk, After Learning to Take a Few Steps and to Make a Crooning Sound Since the Ceremony of "Laying on of Hands" Performed by the Reverend Mr. Maillard.

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AT
YOUR
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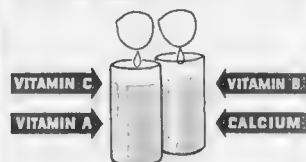
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Two large glasses daily each with the juice of half a lemon, is the new health rule. This amount, given daily to 341 persons in a 3½-year test, lessened gum troubles 83% and reduced tooth decay 57%.

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Two hundred ways to serve oranges and lemons are described in the booklet, "Sunkist Recipes for Every Day." "Fruits That Help Keep the Body Vigorous" tells the many ways citrus fruits are good for you. Send coupon for either or both—free.

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Sunkist Junior has black base, chromium body, ivory-glass bowl & beater, wire-mesh bulb. Only two parts to rinse \$12.95. Also at your dealer's, Sunkist Juniorate, only \$6.95 complete with glass and special strainer.

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Humanity Has Grown 2 Inches Taller in 100 Years

So Says Dr. Edith Boyd, of Minnesota University, But Science Knows What Caused It and Expects Future Generations to Wear "Youths' and Misses'" Sizes As Did Our Ancestors



Constant and Hard Physical Labor, Combined With Poor Food and Little of It, Are Partially Responsible for the Short-Statured Oriental Who Appears "Pint-Size" When Compared to Most of His Fellow-Men.

DR. EDITH BOYD, of the Minnesota University Department of Anatomy, recently stated that the human race has grown a full two inches in average height during the last century. This statement aroused much curiosity as to why humanity had started to sprout that way and whether it will keep right on peopling the future with a breed of Titans.

The answers are already well known. The cause is the same as produces a sudden crop of extra tall grass or a few generations of oversized animals in any stock abnormally favorable conditions. The human race, notwithstanding the present depression, has passed through a golden era of unexampled general ease and prosperity. The growth will come to an end, however, shortly even if the golden age resumes and continues because the human stature seems already to have reached about its limit as does a plant, though raised in a hot house, nourished and shielded in every possible manner. The only thing which would carry the height above the natural limit is evolution, which appears not to be involved.

In all probability the height of human beings will soon start shrinking because in the past, as often as man has achieved a civilization providing ease and plenty, some seeking power has found a way to wreck it and send everyone back to the old hard life again.

Hardship in youth tends to produce a smaller man or woman, like the scrub oak on the bleak mountainside, but a harder, fitter one, more likely to survive to old age under any later conditions. What the creature has lost in quantity it has gained in quality, as compared with the bigger, softer product of ease and plenty. Most everyone has read that the peasants and artisans of the dark ages slaved from daylight till dark, on wretched, insufficient food, slept in unheated hovels and wore clothing that a modern tramp would scorn. But the lord and lady of the manor and even the Royal families were not much better off in many ways. The palace was better than the hovel, but not much more sanitary, and the more important the man the more visitors bearing disease germs he had to meet. The nobility had better food and clothes as well as more of everything, but the aristocrat seems not to have lived any longer than the poor serf who was virtually a slave, though he probably outlived the city artisan because he kept out of the foul-smelling cities. Skeletons, clothes and mugs of bronze prove that the aristocrat in the palace was as undernourished as the villain who wore himself out, tilling the lord's acres. There was a special reason for this.

The son of King or noble, almost from the cradle, was taken through a course of physical training so cruelly severe that a modern parent would be put in prison for enforcing anything of the kind. All the year round the actions of the nobility went through a regime that would make training for a prize fight seem a lazy man's paradise. The idea behind training children almost to death was to make them fit if they could stand it, to fight in heavy armor, under a blazing sun, exchanging terrific blows and breathing the choking dust of battle, something that probably no modern man would be tough enough to do.

It is customary to think of the old knights as towering figures of steel on huge horses. The horse was fairly sizeable, but the rider was not, as

The Killing of Goliath by David, as Pictured in a Twelfth Century Spanish Manuscript. Many Modern Men of Over Six Feet in Height Might Have Appeared as Giants to the Under-sized Men of David's Time.

proved by the collections of ancient armor which are mostly cast in a sizeable store would call "youths" sizes. This terrific exercise in boyhood made a small, wiry man with an almost incredible endurance which accounts for the prodigies of hardship and suffering they endured in battle and campaigns. Yet the small man in armor had to strike a blow heavy enough to send a battle axe or mace, which was nothing but an iron club, through his noble adversary's armor. This puzzled modern students of those days because it seemed that only a man with such heavy muscles as would be found on a person weighing 200 pounds or better would have such strength. Modern athletes gave them the explanation. There are two different kinds of strength, the slow, heaving power of the muscular pump mover and the nervous strength of the sprinter.

Primo Carnier, the "man mountain," could carry with ease burdens that would break the back of Louis, the colored man, or Max Baer. Yet these two comparatively little fellows had a superior endurance by which they could make their smaller muscles deliver blows that beat the giant to a pulp. Richard the Lion-Heart would rate today as a lightweight, yet he could bring down a mace so hard that it would knock down his adversary's sword and shield and still have enough power to slave in his helmet and crush his skull.

King Richard's nearest equivalent in modern times is perhaps M. E. McLoughlin, known as the "California Comet," a man of ordinary size and yet able to get a tennis ball so hard that it whines as it flies through the air. When an opponent has been quick enough to get his racket on to those projectiles, the racket usually has been knocked out of his hand. McLoughlin, with the proper medieval training, would have hugely enjoyed the Crusades. The gymnasium was invented by the Greeks who were one of the world's first heavy-armed warriors. Greek fathers hired pedagogues whose job was to put prudent thoughts in boys' heads, but more especially to see that

Monna and Anna Marchese, Six-Foot, Twin Actresses, Whose Extreme Height Would Have Caused Them to Be Looked Upon as Giants a Century or So Ago.



The Rigorous Spartan Training as Pictured in the Engraving Above, Resulted in Making Them a Tough, Wiry People, But Probably Because of Its Rigor Had a Tendency to Keep Them From Growing Into Tall Men.

they worked those same heads off every day in the gymnasium. That made it possible for one of them, after helping to thrash the Persian hordes at Marathon, a bit of exercise that would probably have killed any modern soldier, to run some 25 miles in full armor bearing the news of victory to Athens. The Greeks, under Alexander the Great, conquered all the known world that seemed worth conquering, but their sons could not stand prosperity, grew soft and lazy only to fall an easy prey to the little save-off race of Romans, apparently the world's praise ration of military exercisers. They called the army "exercitus." Having conquered the world, history repeated itself and these demon exercises took a nice long rest. Gibbon relates that toward the end, the Romans had become too soft to march in their hot, heavy armor and actually

The Old knights of other Days Were Fighters of First Caliber, but Were Small Men When Compared With a Modern Like Gene Tunney, Former World's Heavyweight Champion, Who Would Not Be Able to Squeeze His Six-Foot-Five Into the Suit of Armor That Was Built for a Man About Five Feet, Four Inches.

would burn the haze and recover a lost position in said "warfare" from the coins which would still pass for their original value. While the men of the working classes were toiling in the field and shop there was more work to be done at home than any wife could do in 24 hours. She cooked and heated water over an open fire. The water had to be lifted and carried from a well which was almost sure to be full of typhoid and many other contaminants. However, children all had typhoid bright and early and either died or became imminently. Besides cooking the food the housewife had to do all the preparations now performed by butcher, baker, grocer and delicatessen. She had to make the whole family's clothes which meant the entire process from the back of the sheep to the back of her husband.

Besides all the year-round chores, somebody always was sick in those huge families and had to be nursed. The only way a woman could cope with this mountain of work was to turn every possible task to the children. There was no school and parents thought youngsters might as well work as get into mischief. When the oldest found his burden too great to bear, he or she was told to break in the younger brothers and sisters. At the age of 12, the boys went with Papa to slave in the fields or serve apprenticeship in the shop.

If anyone got hurt, the barber set the bones and sewed up the wound. Nobody had glasses, but that did not matter much except for sewing and close-up work, like that of the dentist, because only monks and scribes could read or write. They exercised even in their sleep, scratching ice and fess which infested everyone from King to beggar. They not only had to throw off rheumatism and all the diseases of childhood but before the discovery of vaccination almost nobody escaped the dreaded scourge of smallpox. This was considered so inevitable that many people deliberately exposed their children in order to get it over with at a convenient and favorable time. The gentlemen rode on a horse, the lady in a carriage, but the workman and his family did their errands on foot and carried things on their backs, often bringing the whole family along to share the burden.

Under such circumstances a considerable portion of those large families died early. Those who reached maturity were inclined to be small, but they were hard as nails and had more lives than a cat—and they needed them.



Jean Charles Millet, 42-year-old grandson of the Great Painter of the Famous Picture, "The Angelus," and Many Other Peasant Scenes, as He Appeared at His Trial in France Recently and Innocently Tried to Justify His Wholesale Traffic in Counterfeits of His Illustrious Grandfather's Paintings.

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PARIS, August 30.
JEAN CHARLES MILLET, 42-year-old grandson of the great Millet whose picture, "The Angelus," has been such a godsend to chromo dealers, was recently convicted at Fontainebleau of having flooded the market with fake copies of works by other noted artists. Beside him in the prisoners' stall sat two of his collaborators, Paul Cazot, aged 53, an ex-house painter, deaf as a post, who did most of the painting of the fakes, and Cazot's divorced wife, Mme. Henriette Labe.

Millet and Cazot were each sentenced to six months' imprisonment and 500 francs fine, and Mme. Labe to two months in prison and 200 francs fine. All three were ordered to reimburse 150,000 francs to M. Michaud for selling him a bogus "Vanneur au Bonnet Rouge" (Winner in the Red Cap) as a painting by the great Millet.

The Prosecuting Attorney scored Jean Charles Millet, who engineered the gigantic swindle, as a roistering frequenter of Montmartre dives—a ne'er-do-well and worthless descendant of the great Millet. Indeed, the contrast is striking between the painter of the humble toilers of the field and his scallawag grandson. The former, brought up on the farm where he helped his father wing a hard living from the soil, lived a sober, serious life, struggling bitterly against poverty.

He was so poor that he wore a horse-cloth in which he made a hole to put his head through, but he believed that honest work was the sole title deed to honorable consideration. He closed the door of his soul to erotic inspirations, regarding his studio as a sort of sanctuary, not as a place to organize whoopee parties. Paris struck him as being sinister, and he remained in the country where he listened to the lowing of kine, the bleating of sheep, and with his brush ennobled the peasant woman in sabots, investing her with the epic grandeur of the gleaners of the Bible.

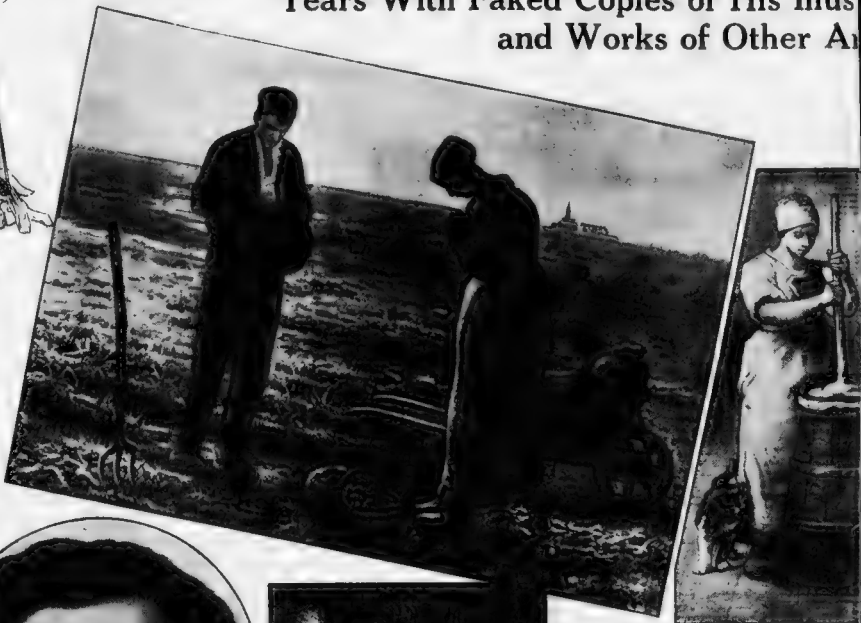
The grandson, a vulgar roisterer, preferred the company of toppers and troloppers at Paris to the rustics of the countryside. At the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, he took a course in painting under J. P. Laurens, but distinguished himself most for his dissolute practices, which endeared him to the skylarking students. Left to his vices and devices, young Jean Millet found it much pleasanter to enjoy the gaiety of night clubs and sleep all day than to putter around with tubes of paint and pots of varnish before the bad commencement of a worse picture.

But debts piled up, due to "dissipation's giddy round" and his extravagant fondness for fine clothes, and the young rascal couldn't go to places on the boulevards without encountering creditors. An art buyer, who asked him one day if he did not have for sale some paintings or drawings by his famous grandpa, gave Millet an idea and, not being possessed of a conscience—that great impediment to success—he hunted up Paul Cazot (one of his boon tavern companions and a promising artist to boot), and ordered him to paint canvases in the style of the author of "The Angelus."

Though deaf, Cazot did not turn a deaf ear to the proposition, and began immediately. When

Brazen Confessions of the Scape

Jean Charles Millet Reveals in Court How He Has Faked Years With Faked Copies of His Illustrious Grandfather's Paintings and Works of Other Artists



Paul Cazot, Former House and Sign Painter, Who Was Hired by Jean Charles Millet to Paint Hundreds of Fake Masterpieces Which Millet Declared Were Genuine and Sold for Large Prices.

the pictures were finished, Jean Charles signed them with his grandfathers' name and sold them for a big sum. This was the beginning of their faking enterprise, and for twelve years gold rained down on the two swindlers like dew in midsummer. But nothing lasts forever. As Millet complained to one of his accomplices: "I knew this business would end as it has ended. It was too good to last."

Cazot painted scores of copies of "The Man with the Hoe," "The Reapers," "The Binders," and so forth. Millet shamelessly painted in the signature which was in a sense genuine and did the important work of passing them off on the art dealers, connoisseurs, and art galleries of the world. This outrageous impostor seemed positively proud of the fact that one of his most impudent fakes had been sold to a Scotchman.

This art swindle—the biggest of modern times—extended over a period of twelve years and netted the trio the imposing sum of 3,000,000 francs. Millet and Mme. Labe looked after the business end, while Cazot, a clever copyist, transformed old dust-covered canvases (that he picked up for a few sous at sidewalk bric-a-brac fairs) into chef-d'oeuvres, signing them so adroitly that even critics of high standing were taken in, not to mention collectors, who generally possess more cash than perspicacity.

Private and public galleries in Europe and America are filled with these bogus works of art which Cazot turned out by wholesale in his garret studio in the Rue Bonaparte, Paris, and in his "picture factory" at Maisons-Laffitte (a suburb of the French capital).

Cazot's specialty was imitating masters of the Impressionist and Open-Air Schools—Millet, Coranne, Monet, Corot, Manet, Diaz, Rousseau, Pissarro, Daubigny and Sisley—but he could create old masters and his prolific brush gave to the world a vast spurious collection of Turners, Van Dyke, Utrillo, Fantin-Latours, Monticelli, Renoirs, Degases, Boudins, Gauguins, Troyons, Landscapes, Watteaus, Bouchers and Fragonards.

This artistic magician of the hour halls from Avignon, in the South of France, where he is



"The Winner," by Millet. This Picture Was Copied by Cazot and Sold as a Genuine Millet by Millet's Grandson.

jokingly referred to as the "Millet of Provence." He began his career as a sign painter, like the creator of "The Gleaners," and then branched out as a house painter. Later he studied at the Cormon Academy (whose founder's widow was assassinated last October by the courtizan, Marie Lemoine). Since becoming Millet's associate, Cazot has made enough francs with his dextrous brushwork to buy a racing stable at Maisons-Laffitte.

Before the trial, Cazot pretended his role in this picture fraud comedy was not that of a villain, declaring he was completely ignorant of the use made of his canvases. He said:

"Millet hired me to make restorations and replicas of his grandfather's works. My business is painting. I painted what was ordered, and afterwards turned it over to Millet. I dashed off all sorts of things, but I had no idea for what purpose they were being used. If I did not understand what was going on around me, it was because of my deafness. Moreover, selling things is not my 'metier.' I know nothing of trafficking in pictures or anything else. All I can say is that I am willing to do commissions for anyone willing to pay me."

But Cazot told a different story in court. There he testified that he and Millet had signed between them a great number of old and modern masters destined for export to the British Isles, adding, patriotically, that he had never tried to fool French dealers, but English buyers only.

Millet backed up his accomplice by remarking that any painting which might have aroused suspicion as to its authenticity was invariably shipped to England and not sold in France. Maintaining a noble front of impudence, a fine audacious openness, Millet derided British glibble collectors as follows:

"So-called English experts know nothing about art. As for English buyers, they purchase only

"The Angelus"—the Most Famous Masterpiece of Millet.

"Woman Churning," by Millet. Was Counterfeited and Sold in Numbers.

pictures with pedigrees, and have not the slightest notion whether they are genuine or not. Real connoisseurs buy genuine goods for a song, yet you could not give away a valuable picture in England. You must ask a fabulous price, or nobody will look at it. It is just a matter of snobishness."

On cross-examination, Millet made a barefaced avowal. He said he pocketed 300,000 francs by selling Mr. Thomson—founder of the "Barbizon House Gallery" in London—60 paintings bearing apocryphal signatures of Millet, Diaz, Degas and Corot, but observed that Thomson, a canny Scot, got the best of the bargain by reselling the fakes to some unsophisticated amateurs for 10,000,000 francs.

The scapegrace descendant of the famous delineator of peasant life failed to enlighten the court, however, on the amount of money he received for Cazot's copy of "Les Botteleurs" (The Binders), which directors of the Edinburgh Museum bought from a dealer as a real Millet, paying 1,500,000 francs. For a long while, the directors believed the picture to be genuine, having been assured by certain art pontiffs that it had the grand "cachet" of the master. But Jean Charles Millet, who loves a joke, told them:

"Scratch away the fence in the painting and you will find a cow!"

They acted on his suggestion and discovered the cow—and how they had been swindled.

Throughout the trial, Millet was in a merry, mocking mood and not a bit awed by the presence of the Presiding Judge, M. Dior, to whose questions—and those of the Prosecuting Attorney, M. Henri Marner—he replied with cynical impertinence. In fact, he seemed to feel quite at home in the tribunal, and well he might, for he has been brought to the bar of justice on more than one occasion for passing bad checks, abuse of confidence and other crimes.

Millet modestly let it be understood that he was in the same class with Corot and Courbet, who likewise faked canvases. It is explained by art experts that these masters occasionally retouched and signed some mediocre work of their pupils. Courbet was good-hearted to a fault, and would put his name on the canvas of a starving pupil if the latter asked him to sign the daub so as to sell it to buy bread.

Millet also accused Van Dyck and Rubens of faking, because these artists often permitted a pupil to paint unimportant portions of their pictures. He cited, too, the example of Michelangelo, who was so enraged at a Cardinal for refusing his statue of Cupid because it was the work of a living Italian and not of an ancient Greek that he carved a Ceres, broke off its arms, which he hid in his studio, and buried the mutilated deity in a sand-pile to give it an antique look. Weeks afterward, he dug it up and exhibited it to art experts, passing it off as a work of Praxiteles. They believed him—until Michelangelo revealed the hoax by showing them Ceres' arms.

With paintings of prominent artists stacked up against the judicial bench side by side with

Grandson of Millet, the Painter

looded the Art Dealers for Many
rious Grandsire's Masterpieces
tists, and Is Sentenced to Jail

Below—"The Man With the Hoe," Another Painting by Millet Which Is Known the World Over and Was Copied and Sold in Great Quantity by the Grandson.



"The Gleaners," Painted by Jean Francois Millet and in the French National Museum in the Louvre, Paris. This Picture Was Copied Again and Again by the Reproductive Grandson of the Great Painter and Sold to Museums and Private Art Galleries.

This Picture Considerable

others described as mere "daubs," the Old World was a war-torn day. The center of attraction was a canvas called "Vanneur au Bonnet Rouge" (Vinner in the Red Cap), for which a collector, M. Michaud, paid 150,000 francs on the supposition that it was bona-fide, but which he later claimed was a worthless fake.



"The Sower," by Millet. This Was Another Popular Picture Which Was Counterfeited by the Gang of Swindlers.

In 1929, Jean Charles Millet took the "Vanneur" to an antiquary of Fontainebleau, M. Bourzat, telling him it was a chef-d'oeuvre of his grandfather, who had exhibited it at Paris, in 1848. Millet went on to say it had been purchased by his father, Charles Millet, a Parisian architect, guaranteeing the genuineness of the painting.

On the strength of this yarn, Bourzat purchased the picture for a few thousand francs and at the same time bought six "original" Millet drawings for 20,000 francs—all copies. The antiquary sold the "Vanneur" for 150,000 francs to M. Michaud, who, in turn, attempted to sell the canvas to an art broker for double the sum. The broker, however, had his doubts concerning the picture, and the deal fell through. It appears, too, that Michaud was skeptical about the painting, but said nothing at first, desiring to get rid of it at any price. When he found nobody would buy it, he invited experts to examine the "Vanneur" and they declared it a humbug. The collector then sued Millet, hoping to get back his money.

In court, Millet blushing confessed he was the author of the "Vanneur," though Millet protested, explaining that his collaborator did not have talent enough to paint such a beautiful canvas. M. Goulinat, well-known expert employed by the Louvre Museum, where he has lately been occupied in renovating a reputed Rubens half-devoured by insects, was then called in to pronounce judgment on the "Vanneur."

After a cursory inspection, the expert stated the painting was a copy 50 years old—with the exception of the "Red Cap," an addition of recent date. He astonished the court by affirming he could tell a pseudo-masterpiece without submitting it to X-rays or other scientific treatment. M. Goulinat asserted he usually detected a fraud at a glance, but, in complicated cases, relied on his hearing rather than on his sight. For example, he would stick a pin into the soft part of the painting, scratch the back of the canvas, and thus know at once by the sound whether the work was bogus or not!



Portrait of the Distinguished Painter, Jean Francois Millet, Painted by Himself.

M. Drouhin, the next witness, regarded the "Vanneur" as a flawless "pearl of art," an undoubted chef-d'oeuvre of the g-r-rand Millet. While he was decanting in the best critical style on the coloring, grace and purity of the picture, a clumsy spectator, in order to get a good look at it, brushed against the painting and sent it crashing to the floor. Strange to relate, neither Millet nor Drouhin, who had commended it to the skies, made a move to see whether the "Vanneur" had been injured in the fall. Cazot himself remained motionless as a statue. They paid no more attention to this "artistic jewel" lying on the dusty floor than if it had been the sorriest of daubs.

If M. Drouhin's seeming indifference was surprising, his lyric praise of the picture was not. To him, Millet's art meant his bread and butter. Since the close of the War, he has been the proprietor of the Millet Museum at Barbizon, a show-place containing the artist's studio, and has grown rich on the credulity of tourists who flocked there to view the painter's productions. These works consisted of some 300 paintings and designs that Jean Charles claimed to have inherited from his granddaddy and which he sold to Drouhin for 150,000 francs. Among them were Millet's celebrated "Man with a Hoe" and "Church of Greville," post-card reproductions of which Drouhin vendied by the thousand to visitors.

When experts, by order of the court, examined these works of art and branded them all fakes, Drouhin was in despair, for he knew the decision was a death-blow to his tourist trade. Nevertheless, he still contends the collection is authentic in spite of all evidence, and tries to discredit the

experts' testimony by saying they only spent half-an-hour "verifying" the 300 paintings and drawings.

After the "Vanneur," a painting signed by the great Sisley, which Millet had sold to Bourzat for 5,000 francs, was brought to the Judge's attention. Millet testified he had purchased it from Mme. Henriette Labe, who had "guaranteed" it, but she denied the allegation, declaring she had merely spoken of it as an admirable canvas. The expert, M. Robert Rey, professor at the Ecole du Louvre and conservator of the paintings in the Chateau de Fontainebleau, pronounced it bogus.

This pseudo-Sisley came originally from a stack of cheap canvases—20 in number—bought by Cazot from a junk dealer, M. Deshay, at Saint-Ouen. Cazot retouched and brightened them up, and finally tossed the balance of them into the Seine from the Argenteuil bridge to keep company with the pious and river gods when the police were expected to raid his studio at Maisons-Laffitte. The Judge asked Mme. Labe what she knew about the other 19 canvases, but she professed ignorance of their fate, prompting His Honor to remark: "Perhaps they drifted ashore on the banks of the Thames."

It appears M. Bourzat was persuaded by the bogus Sisley on perusing a high-flown epistle in its praise by the "art expert," Don Rodriguez Perez y Montalbo. The letter, which also attested to the genuineness of the painting, was given to the antiquary by Millet. But the expert Montalbo turned out to be an impostor, who knew more about the art of twanging the guitar and guzzling beer than of painting. This noble Senor (whose name is not to be found in the Almanach de Gotha) was in reality a poor, itinerant musician of Montmartre.

Millet first met Montalbo at the Place du Tertre, where the guitarist was strumming a love tune at the door of a cafe in the hope of exciting the pity of passers-by and of getting a few sous to pay for a glass of beer. Millet took a fancy to the wandering minstrel, hiring Rodriguez to play for him whenever he and Cazot staged a blowout with their women friends on the Butte. The guitar player would do anything for the price of a drink, and often wrote letters at Millet's dictation certifying to the authenticity of paintings. These letters Millet used to dupe collectors, pretending Montalbo was a rich Hidalgo and a brilliant authority on art.

Evidence revealed that Mme. Labe sold the Sisley to Millet without her husband's knowledge. It seems Henriette had been neglected by Cazot, who spent his spare time and money on slow horses and fast women, and she determined to divorce him. Divorces being expensive, she managed around in Cazot's studio in search of canvases she could sell on the sly, and thus be able to pay her lawyer and get even with her husband. Henriette picked out this Sisley copy, knowing that Sisley, like Millet, was a name to conjure with. Two pictures by this artist—"Le Loing a Moret" and "La Seine pres de St. Cloud"—fetched 139,000 francs a few years ago at an auction sale at the Hotel Drouze. She also disposed of her husband's "Vanneur," getting a large sum from Millet, though she vows Millet double-crossed her and Cazot in all of their deals. M. Maure Labouret, publisher, next went on the stand and told how he had paid down

7,000 francs for a marine picture signed Boudin, at the Vignol Gallery, in the Rue Jacob, only to discover later he had been humbugged. The Boudin was bogus, according to the verdict of M. Robert Rey and other experts.

The bamboozled publisher was followed by M. Le Garrec—picture dealer and editor of the "Revue des Amateurs"—who admitted that from 1923 to 1930 he had bought quantities of counterfeit Millet drawings at 25 francs each. Le Garrec said he purchased them to see the market of fakes; that he printed them in his magazine to show people the difference between copies and originals.

Le Garrec, whose intentions were so good, evidently agrees with the great painter Goya, who wrote: "All art is in sacrifices and intentions." But the Prosecuting Attorney put little faith in the dealer's story, for it was proved Le Garrec sold these 25-franc drawings for 2,000 francs apiece to unsuspecting customers whose artistic education was on a low plane, not above that of English and Americans.

The Millet-Cazot fraud recalls that at Amsterdam, in October, 1931, when a Frenchman, M. Raphael Chanteroux, posing as the Secretary of the Autumn Salon, auctioned off a collection of fake Vlaminck, Valadon, Derains, Lhotes, Foutats, Kislings and Van Dongens. At Paris, in 1927, the same rogue swindled an umbrella manufacturer, M. Tessier, out of 11,000 francs by selling him ten bogus pictures signed Daubier, Monet, Degas and Utrillo. Tessier stowed the fakes away in his attic, but brought them out one day to show M. Charles Destree—son-in-law of Chanteroux—who generously offered to buy them back for 11,000 francs.

Glad to be rid of them and be reimbursed at the same time, Tessier accepted, turning them over to Destree, who carried the canvases to M. Meunier, a lute-maker and art enthusiast. Destree told him a cock-and-bull story about their enormous value and talked Meunier into giving him 20,000 francs to let him act as his art agent in Algeria where, Destree said, the pictures could easily be "planted" for twice that sum. The enterprise failed, however, because Destree, like Millet, was prone to pay his bills with rubber checks—a weakness that landed him in jail for eight months.

Fake masters are the stock-in-trade of many Paris picture dealers, who have reaped a rich harvest from inexperienced American and English collectors. M. Andre Mailfert—director of a factory at Orleans, France, where he employs 250 skilled artisans in copying old and modern masters—created a scandal recently by disclosing how chef-d'oeuvre are imitated. He confessed with pride that his workers turn out excellent copies of pastels by Boucher and Watteau that are sold at 100 francs each to the art merchants. The latter, without any scruple, hawk their originals and sell them at 10,000 francs apiece. Oil copies of great paintings, that Mailfert's employes make for a few hundred francs each, are recopied by the dealers as genuine for 150,000 francs each. It has been estimated that there are 30,000 counterfeit Corots and Wateaus alone in the world's picture galleries.

Making new pictures look like old is Mailfert's specialty. His usual method is as follows: a canvas is stretched and re-stretched, rolled, dirtied and frayed at the edges. It is varnished several times, smoked, scratched, scraped, cracked and ornamented with fly-specks to give it the illusion of age. Then it is nailed on a worm-eaten stretcher with rusty nails, and put in a frame that has been covered with dust and adorned with cobwebs.

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In large 3-ounce can, 35¢

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

The Girl Men Talked About by Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 14)

"I am very sure of that," she said. "Boris may be capable of every evil deed but he would not dare to harm me!"

They changed clothes hastily. There was the fear that at any moment the guard might return for the Princess. As it happened the exchange had hardly been made when they heard the man's footsteps approaching along the corridor.

"My carriage is outside," the Princess whispered. "Direct the man to take you wherever you want to go...and, oh, my dear, good luck to you. Good luck both to you and your lover!" Just for a moment the Princess put her arms about Otiella and kissed her upon the lips. "Courage," she murmured. The next instant Otiella had dropped the long veil.

The Princess threw herself face downwards upon the hard little bed, so that the guard shouldn't recognize her.

The next few minutes were fraught with suspense. Without speaking Otiella followed the prison guard along the rough stone corridor, out through the grim massive gates, into the fresh air. Apparently the man had no suspicion of the change that had taken place. He bowed respectfully to Otiella and left her at the door of the Princess' carriage.

She climbed into it. The carriage rattled away with her. Exhausted she leaned back against the cushions, limp and shaking. She felt at the end of everything. Yet she must keep up her courage and strength. Robin's very life depended upon it. She had only until sunrise to effect her escape, and she had not the slightest idea how it was to be done.

Knowing of nowhere else to go, she asked the driver to take her to the Grand Hotel, where she had stayed that first night of her arrival in Lavinia. She could get a room under an assumed name. Perhaps then she could think out some plan.

She thought of going straight to the Royal Palace and appealing publicly to Boris. But she knew that she would gain nothing by that. No, there must be some other way...she beat her white clenched fists against her forehead in an agony of mental torment. She must save him somehow, but how, how?

The carriage had drawn up before the hotel. Otiella got out and walked through the glass swinging doors that led into the large luxurious lounge. It was crowded at this hour of the evening. Society men and women were sitting sipping cocktails before the customary late dinner. Here was laughter and gaiety... little did these people realize the grim tragedy that was playing itself out behind the prison walls.

She had just engaged a room and was about to follow the page boy into the lift when she suddenly stopped and stared as though she could scarcely believe her eyes. There, sitting on one of the lounges, was a soldierly-looking gray-haired man and a beautiful red-haired girl. How well Otiella remembered them! Mr. Owen Westover and the girl Delia!

Robin's father here! Did they know...was that why they had come? Yet it seemed unlikely that they should know. Would they be sitting there calmly sipping cocktails if they did?

They might be able to help her. Surely in this hour of his desperate need, they could all work together towards a common end. Crossing over to the writing desk she scribbled a note. "Your son is in dreadful danger. Will you please come at once to Room 218." Otiella. She handed it to the page boy. "Take this to the gentleman sitting in the corner," she directed the boy. Then she stepped into the lift and was taken up to her room.

CHAPTER XXV.

Boris Is Amused.

SOME days previously when Mr. Westover had discovered that his son had actually left for Lavinia, he determined to follow him. The sight of his son again had revived the great love he had always had for Robin. Although for the past two years, believing that Robin had treated Delia badly, he had crushed that love down, now since they had been reunited, he knew that nothing mattered to him but having his boy with him again.

When he had spoken to Delia of his projected trip, she insisted upon accompanying him. But now, although they had arrived in Lavinia the previous evening, they could find no trace of Robin. In the hope that he might take his meals in this fashionable hotel they hung around the



"I have no intention of sparing your son's life," Boris said grimly. "But because this tale is beautiful... I will induce a whim."

wing. "It seems as though Robin has disappeared entirely into space," he sighed to Delia. "I can't think what can have become of him."

"This isn't such a big town, either," Delia murmured. "It seems extraordinary that we can get no news of him."

At that moment the page boy arrived with Otiella's note and handed it to Mr. Westover. As he read it his face whitened. He needed it across to Delia. "What do you make of this?" he asked Delia's great dark eyes blazed with fury. "It's that little dancing girl—she's got hold of him again," she rasped. "I wouldn't take any notice of the letter."

"But she says that Robin is a great danger," the old man insisted. "I'm going up to his room to find out what it is all about."

As he spoke he rose to his feet and started across the lounge. After a moment's hesitation Delia decided to accompany him. A few minutes later they both were admitted to Otiella's room.

"I received your note," he began. Then he stopped. The desperate look in Otiella's eyes made his own heart beat quickly with sudden fear. "Where is my son?" he demanded hoarsely.

"He is in prison sentenced to die tomorrow morning," Otiella told him. "What?" The old man's face went as white as the wall against which he leaned. "You have brought this upon..." Delia accused.

"Hush!" Mr. Westover raised a shaking hand. "Control yourself, Delia. No good can be done by harsh words...Let Otiella explain."

Otiella told them the story as briefly as possible. When she had finished Mr. Westover collapsed weakly into a chair. For many seconds he sat without speaking, his finger-tips tapping ceaselessly against the arm of the chair.

"There must be a way," Otiella whispered tensely. Delia didn't speak for a moment. Then she said, "But how dare King Boris put Robin to death. After all, Robin is an American citizen."

"This is a barbarous country," said Otiella, and she shivered. How well she had reason to know that! Mr. Westover rose to his feet. "I must go to see King Boris," he said. "I will threaten him if necessary. At least I should be able to persuade him to postpone the execution until diplomatic

pressure can be brought to bear upon him."

"I will come with you," Delia said. "There are times when the normation of a pretty woman counts far more than anything a man might say."

Oh, I pray that you will be successful," Otiella cried with a sob in her voice as she saw them out of the door. "You will let me know at once, please."

Delia smiled strangely. If they succeeded in getting Robin free she would take care that he never saw the little dancing girl again.

Half an hour later Owen Westover and Delia arrived at the Royal Palace. The Palace was in a bustle of preparation for a huge masked ball that was to be held that night. When Mr. Westover's name was taken in to him, Boris was undecided whether to grant an audience or not. He had no intention of sparing Robin.

When finally he agreed to see them, it was more with the idea of gloating over his misery than because he intended to allow himself to show any mercy to his son.

But Boris was unprepared for the presence of Delia. His interest quickened at the sight of this tall, lovely red-haired girl, as Boris' interest invariably quickened at the sight of any attractive woman. He was so intent upon gazing at her that he scarcely listened to the pleadings of the father.

It occurred to him, as he sat there on his throne, that her presence would make an added attraction at the court ball that evening...He pictured himself dancing with this exquisite creature, holding her tall stately figure in his arms...perhaps, afterwards, persuading her out into the garden...There were few women who could resist a man, he reflected with an inward smile.

He interrupted Mr. Westover in the middle of his speech and turned deliberately towards Delia. "I am wondering if you would care to attend my ball tonight!" he asked.

Mr. Westover choked with

(Continued on Page 18)



(but the person she cheats is herself)

SHE cheats herself out of good times, good friends, good jobs—perhaps even out of a good marriage.

And all because she is careless! Or, unbelievable as it is, because she has never discovered this fact: That socially refined people never welcome a girl who offends with the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

There's little excuse for it these days. For there's a quick, easy way to keep your underarms fresh, free from odor all

day long. Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time—even after you're dressed. It's harmless to clothing.

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Always count on Mum to prevent the odor of underarm perspiration, without affecting perspiration itself. Don't cheat yourself! Get the daily Mum lullaby. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

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Champion swimmers speak with authority when they discuss sound wind—healthy nerves—and Camels. Buster Crabbe, champion in the 400-meter free-style Olympic event, says: "I have smoked Camels for years. If you go in for sports at all, I'd advise Camels. You'll find, as I did, that Camels are so mild they never get your wind or cut your endurance."

What Buster Crabbe says is confirmed by Helene Madison; by Jane Fautz, the Chicago girl who rose to Olympic fame; and by Stubby Kruger and Josephine McKim. So turn to Camels. Enjoy those costlier tobaccos in Camels' matchless blend. Smoke all you wish. Athletes say, "Camels don't disturb your nerves or wind."

So Mild! YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT



COSTLIER TOBACCOES!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOES—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

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ON DATED COFFEE in the bag
—through September

ON May 1st, Chase & Sanborn came out with *Dated Coffee* in the new, economical bag throughout the United States.

Housewives were so enthusiastic that now Chase & Sanborn are holding a big Celebration Sale on *Dated Coffee* in the bag, all this month!

Everyone is invited to share in the Celebration Savings on this finer, fresher coffee.

A double saving all this month

Six years ago we instituted *Dated Coffee*—coffee rushed to your grocer straight from the roasting ovens—every pound marked with the delivery date.

Then, we made another discovery. We found that with dating, and our wonderful, swift "fresh food" delivery, expensive containers were no longer necessary to insure *Dated Coffee*'s freshness. Instead, we could use a simple, inexpensive bag—and pass the saving on to you.

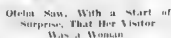
That's how you make a *Double Saving* on *Dated Coffee* in this September Bag Celebration Sale. First—the saving you have enjoyed for several months on the new, economical bag. And second—we are making it possible for your grocer to give you an additional saving with a special price on every pound of *Dated Coffee* for the duration of the Celebration Sale.

Be sure to take full advantage of this unusual *double saving* while the sale lasts. All this month! Order a pound of Chase & Sanborn *Dated Coffee* in the bag from your grocer tomorrow.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

"You are not very gracious, my dear Princess," Boris replied, in a hard voice. "Remember, you



ire to share his name was as

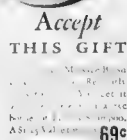
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AMERICA'S *Smoot*
by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain: R. Nisbet & Co., Ltd.

(continued on Page 30)

(continued on Page 20)

DO YOU KNOW that The A Scriptural stories in a year to magazines combined?



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Remover
Shampoo**



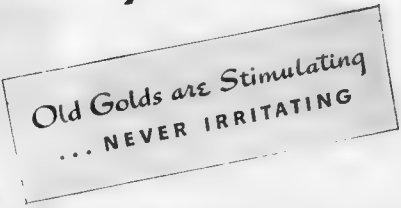
Fitch's

**Dandruff
Remover
Shampoo**

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

(continued on Page 20)

Start the day with *Young Ideas!*



AS THE WIFE gives you that morning "fare-you-well" and you light your after-breakfast Old Gold, the day takes on a rosy outlook.

Your first Old Gold in the brisk morning air starts you off with a sense of well-being . . . and young ideas.

Mysterious? Not at all. That gentle "pick-me-up" in Old Golds is simply the kindly influence of Nature's choicest tobacco. Aged and mellowed far beyond the usual standards.



SMOKERS! GET THIS!

We GUARANTEE that Old Golds contain the choicest Turkish and domestic tobaccos grown; the finest obtainable at any price. Only such fine old tobaccos can give that natural aroma and fragrance of Old Gold cigarettes.

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AMERICA'S *Smoothest* CIGARETTE

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Mercolized Wax



Keeps Skin Young

Mercolized Wax there's no doubt about it, is the most beautiful, soft, young skin that you can find. It is the one beauty that you can afford because it is so easy to use. It is the one beauty that you can afford because it is so easy to use. It is the one beauty that you can afford because it is so easy to use.

Powdered Sazolite

It is a powder that is so fine and soft, it is like a cloud of softness. It is a powder that is so fine and soft, it is like a cloud of softness. It is a powder that is so fine and soft, it is like a cloud of softness.

LEGS ACHE? DO THIS

When your poor legs ache so you can hardly get up, when you have a painful sprain or a painful muscle-kink, rub a little of this on the aching spot. It is a little of this on the aching spot. It is a little of this on the aching spot. It is a little of this on the aching spot.

ABSORBINE JR.



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Following an severe factory check-up after another—including examination with an amazing instrument that "sees" through steel—the Gillette "Blue Blade" is its last notch in the final inspection department, where absolute perfection is demanded.

To protect your health and shaving comfort the edges of the Gillette "Blue Blade" you buy are never touched or handled. For this reason blades hair-tested and checked by hand with microscopes for correct dimensions are immediate.

Reputable merchants give you what you ask for. In stores where substitution is practiced—INSIST ON GILLETTE BLUE BLADES NOW 5 for 25¢ - 10 for 49¢

Love Philter

(Continued from Page 8)

"Could you get some for me?"

"A beautiful girl like you wouldn't need it."

"Wouldn't he?" said Ivy. "I'm the best judge of that. There are a couple of millionaires aboard, and could I see one for a husband? I'm going to take a chance and believe your story. It's a good bet anyway. I've often heard of them love potions, but I thought it was all a gag. If this one's worked for you, why shouldn't it do the trick for me?"

"No reason at all," said Miss Wulgruy modestly. "You'll need even less of it."

"But it has to go further," said Ivy. "What you say it costs?"

"Five dollars."

Ivy did mental arithmetic, working out her own needs and how much it might be profitable to have on hand for wealthy patrons, who when she had safely answered her man, might provide a dowry and trousseau.

"Could you get me twenty-five dollars' worth?"

"I'm sure I could. This very morning."

"Make it fifty," said Ivy, plunging. "This looks the goods. Tell you what, Miss Wulgruy, you buzz right off and get me that stuff. I'll put up the money, of course, and when you come back with it, I'll give you a complete evening right here in Paris, that'll knock 'em sideways. And what's more, I'll have the boys turn you out a perfect ash blonde with the skin of a rose, so you'll have those same fellows on their knees, love powder or no."

"You're too good—much, much too good."

too good," protested little Miss Wulgruy.

The Rev. Parker Widgery was asked when his daughter returned at last from the ship. He did not see her through the next day either, for she was resting in preparation for the ball.

Miss Wulgruy was in truth, keeping cool and composed in a cotton slip. To have moved about in the heat of the day would have imperiled a masterpiece of which all the artists aboard the cruise ship were wondrously proud. She rested and dreamed and waited, patient, certain at eight-thirty she emerged in all her splendor.

"Great heavens on high!" gasped the Rev. Parker Widgery—an unprepared oath for him.

"Who is it?" He started to his feet and stood there goggling.

"Your charming daughter," said Miss Wulgruy, dropping a pert curtsy.

"I don't—I can't believe it!" The Rev. Parker had had little experience of what was possible in the way of aiding nature.

They had done things to Miss Wulgruy aboard that ship. Under the inspired direction of Ivy, passionately grateful for a likelihood future she had been turned, as promised, into an ash blonde with the skin of a rose and a wind-blown bob that became her astonishingly.

Because of that I have come to find you. You have done so much for me that it is now my turn to try, in some small measure, to repay the debt. Tell me everything."

Otelia turned towards him with desperate pathetic eagerness. Was it possible that he could help her to save Robin?

"My husband, Robin... whom I love more than all the world... is in dreadful danger. By Robin, order he is to be shot at sunrise tomorrow morning," she told him tremulously.

Prince Eric started to his feet. "This is serious, indeed," he said gravely. "Are you sure of this?"

Otelia covered her face with her hands. "Only too sure," she wept.

Prince Eric stared down at her for a long minute without speaking. "I will see what I can do," he said presently. "But I can promise nothing. I have plans, that's why I am here now. If I struck now I should probably lose all that I am striving to regain."

But, in that moment, Otelia didn't care about his plans, or what he was striving for. All she cared about was Robin—his life.

"Oh, try and save him, I implore you." In her anguish she

CHAPTER XXVIII. Prince Eric Again.

OTELIA lay for some minutes on the little seat in the Summerhouse after Robin had left her. She was too numb with misery to move, too overcome with a dreadful sense of hopelessness even to cry. Robin was gone... gone forever.

Carried away by her misery she did not hear cautious footsteps come into the Summerhouse. The man who had entered called her name twice before she glanced up in startled amazement. She stared at him. He was masked, as the majority of guests were that night.

Who was he—and how did he know her? Was he her villain, her betrayer, the thought was one of Robin's men? Had they discovered her identity and tracked her down here?

Her mask of silver brocade lay on the ground before her. But since he knew who she was, it was useless to put it on.

"Who are you?" she demanded. "What do you want with me?"

He dropped down beside her on the stonier seat, and he whispered, "Otelia, nodding. 'A awful trouble—what has it to do with you?'"

He seemed surprised at her question. "Don't you know me?" he asked.

She shook her head. At that he whispered off his own mask. "You know me now?"

Otelia opened her eyes wide in amazed incredulity. "Prince Eric!" she gasped. It quite took her breath away. Prince Eric was in the Royal Palace of Lavina! What did it mean?

He grasped her white tremulous hand in his, and he murmured, "I have loved you so long, over time he kissed them."

"Little Otelia," he whispered. "You don't know how grateful I am to you for the great service you did me today when you presented the Princess Esther from marrying Boris. I can never thank you sufficiently."

You have been the Princess? Otelia whispered.

He nodded. She saw, by the pale light of the moon, that his eyes were shining, his face suffused by a great happiness.

"I have just come from seeing her. Oh, if you but knew the joy of that meeting! It was worth all the heartbreak and separation. But why do I worry you with all this when I have just heard from the Princess that you are in desperate trouble yourself?"

The Story of What Happened When the Missionary's Daughter Sought the Aid of a Witch-Doctor in Capturing a Husband.

By Dale Collins

"Don't you like me, pop?" demanded little Miss Wulgruy, quite sure that he had no choice.

"No doubt I shall when I can identify you."

On the still water the flagpole floated, not grim and gruff that night, but a bougainvillea lighted like perfume through the soft air. Everybody who was anybody in Rabaul was there, and the naval officers in white and gold made perfect hosts.

Miss Wulgruy was not the most beautiful woman on the quarterdeck, neither was she the most perfectly groomed, but she looked so much better than Rabaul had ever seen before that she appeared absolutely lovely. The chrysalis she had shed made her the more the butterfly. Also she was certainly the happiest woman there, and that made a difference. Then, too, she had the early dances boded with all the very nicest local men. That created an immediate impression on the observant naval folk. They flocked about this girl, rested so highly by those in the position to know best.

And Miss Wulgruy found that a good partner who wanted to dance with her left wing in her feet, particularly when she wore a frock without dancing in it, was sustained by the knowledge of secret power.

All thanks to Maku.

Mrs. Hemmington stood behind her fan. "Where could the Wulgruy girl have got that gown?"

Look at the men dancing round her. If you ask me, she must have sold her soul to the devil. How else can you account for it?"

However, it was accounted for: the fact remained that Miss Wulgruy was a success, and unhappily she remained in blissful ignorance of the truth that the interest of Warren and his cronies was started as a rag to make a cruel mockery of the woman who had been silly enough to buy Maku's love philter.

They kept their secret, being somewhat ashamed of themselves when they found what hope was doing for little Miss Wulgruy. They even counted themselves fortunate to be abetting Maku for it in a heartening and stirring experience to share in the creation of romance. Sometimes when liquor has loosened their tongues they sigh sentimentally and wonder, even reminiscently, whether Maku's potion may not have been the genuine article, and then one says, "That naval fellow was in luck, confound it," and then another, "I don't know, but I think he was, for he was in luck, confirmed it by rumor only."

When Miss Wulgruy caught the strain of Maku's plan to marry her, she left Maku the richest witch-doctor in the Pacific.

For she never knew the man that Maku had played in giving her in return for five dollars a harness white powder ground from the pith of reeds, nor did she know that he boasted of this deed to George Warren's servant. It follows, therefore, that she remained in blissful ignorance of the truth that the interest of Warren and his cronies was started as a rag to make a cruel mockery of the woman who had been silly enough to buy Maku's love philter.

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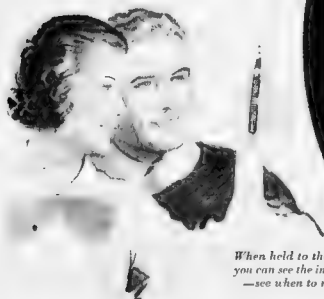
DON'T START TO SCHOOL

Without School's Finest Tool

PARKER'S REVOLUTIONARY SACLESS VACUMATIC

Invented by a University Professor to replace pens that suddenly go dry in Classes and Exams

**Holds 102% More Ink
—Guaranteed
Mechanically Perfect**



When held to the light
you can see the ink level
—see when to refill.

Its smart, enthralling Laminated Pearl Beauty
Has Made it the Reigning Favorite
of Hollywood, New York, London, Paris
—of Style Centers Everywhere

THE marvelous new Parker Vacumatic is no more like the pens of yesterday than your 1935 car is like a '25 model.

It's the pen with Visible Ink Supply and 102% more of it! The identical pen which you've often said that someone ought to invent.

Scores of inventors tried to—fully 250 sacless pens were patented before this miracle writer was born. But none found a way to surmount the mechanical faults of squirt-gun piston pumps, valves, etc.

Then a scientist at the University of Wisconsin conceived this entirely new principle that eliminates all such parts, as well as rubber sacs and lever fillers. That's why Geo. S. Parker, world's leading pen maker, agreed to develop it. And that is why Parker can—and DOES—GUARANTEE THE VACUMATIC MECHANICALLY PERFECT!

The United States and foreign countries have granted Parker patents, because there is nothing else like it. It has twice as much room for ink because it has 14 less parts.

Wholly Original Style

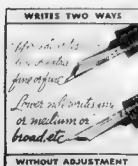
This new creation introduces Beauty never before seen in a pen. For it's built up ring on ring of luminous Pearl and Jet—as smooth and shimmering as velvet. Yet when held to the light, the "Jet" rings become transparent, revealing the ink level, showing when to refill!

Students! Parents! Employers! Employees! Let no one—in school or in business—longer remain in the bondage of pens that soon run dry—unexpectedly—and just at the wrong time!

Step into any good pen shop, department, stationery, jewelry or drug store, and try the pen that Continental Europe eagerly buys at 90% higher than U. S. prices.

See how it fills. Watch the ink rush in, and write 2 ways with this inspiring point. A Point of precious Platinum combined with solid Gold, and slightly turned up at the tip so that even heavy-handed pressure cannot make it scratch or drag.

Don't put off—go tomorrow. Keep up with the writing world, and the writing world can't move past you. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis.



NO CHARGE FOR THIS SMART PLASKON

Plaskon Case

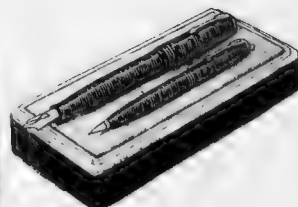
FOR CIGARETTES OR BOUDOIR TRIFLES

with the purchase of the Parker Laminated Pen and Pencil Set

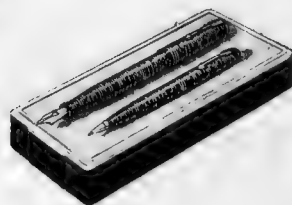
Giving this most attractive and permanent Plaskon Utility Case with Parker Laminated Vacumatic Sets is an innovation that doubles the charm of this fine pair. When Pen and Pencil have been removed, the Plaskon Case will be ever so handy to have for cigarettes; or on milady's dressing table, for bobby pins, hairpins, etc. Made of Plaskon in two attractive color combinations—Black or Brown with Ivory Lid—thoroughly durable—mighty useful, and very swank.

FREE! A New Ink that Cleanses Any Pen As It Writes—
a Parker or any other Pen

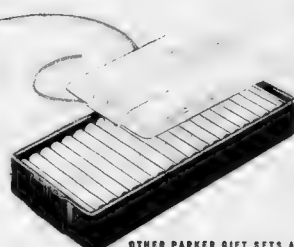
A remarkable discovery by Parker chemists now gives the world a writing ink—called Parker Quink—containing a harmless ingredient that dissolves sediment left in pens by ordinary inks. Quink erases clogging, ends shaking and fussing with a pen to start the flow. It starts quickly, every time. And Quink dries on paper so fast that people throw away their blotters. Yet Quink does more in a pen. Send a post card for 50,000-word bottle, FREE, to try in your own pen. State color preferred. Address Dept. 675.



LAMINATED PEARL
VACUMATIC OVER-SIZE SET
IN PLASKON UTILITY CASE
\$15.00



STANDARD LAMINATED PEARL
VACUMATIC SET
IN PLASKON UTILITY CASE
\$11.00



OTHER PARKER GIFT SETS AT
\$1.95 \$2.95 \$3.75 and \$5.00

Parker's New Leverless
CHALLENGER DELUXE
The newest—the smartest
\$5 Set—



Pen with 2-Way
Writing Point, \$3.50
only
Pencil to match, \$1.50
only

In attractive Ensemble Gift Box with a bottle of Parker Quink, the famous pen-cleansing ink, included at no cost

Even the famous \$5 Parker Duofold never had a point designed to write 2 ways without adjustment like this \$3.50 Parker Challenger Deluxe.

Radiant Jet barrels, flecked with luminous Burgundy Pearl, Silver Pearl, or Deep Marine Green Pearl—pure Streamlined and Non-breakable, with EXTRA large ink capacity. Similar colors in Parker Challenger Pens at \$1.25 and \$1.75 (Sets, \$1.95 and \$2.95).

Parker

VACUMATIC

GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT

Junior, \$5;
Over-Size, \$10

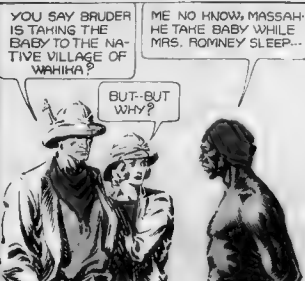
\$7.50

Pencils, \$2.50,
\$3.50 and \$5

JUNGLE JIM

BY ALEX RAYMOND

HAVING ESCAPED FROM HAWK BRUDER AND HIS CREW OF RIVER PIRATES, HOLU JOINS JIM AND JOAN AND ASKS THEM TO HELP HIM IN SAVING MRS. ROMNEY'S INFANT SON--



YOU SAY BRUDER IS TAKING THE BABY TO THE NATIVE VILLAGE OF WAHIKA?

ME NO KNOW, MASSAH HE TAKE BABY WHILE MRS. ROMNEY SLEEP--

BUT--BUT WHY?



JIM: DO YOU SUPPOSE IT COULD BE SOME VOODOO SACRIFICE?

IT COULD MEAN ANYTHING--HOLU, YOU WAIT HERE TILL BRUDER COMES BACK THIS WAY--IF I'M NOT BACK AN HOUR AFTER THAT, YOU GO BACK TO BRUDER'S CAMP AND TRY TO SAVE MRS. ROMNEY.



MEANWHILE, HAWK BRUDER MAKES HIS WAY TO THE CHIEF'S HUT IN WAHIKA VILLAGE



AN' IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, YOU'LL DO AS I SAY--I WANT THIS BRAT BROUGHT UP AS A MEMBER OF YOUR TRIBE--A SAVAGE, SEE? NEVER TO SEE A WHITE MAN TILL HE'S TWENTY-ONE--

BUT DOES ITS MOTHER WISH IT SO? IS IT YOUR CHILD?



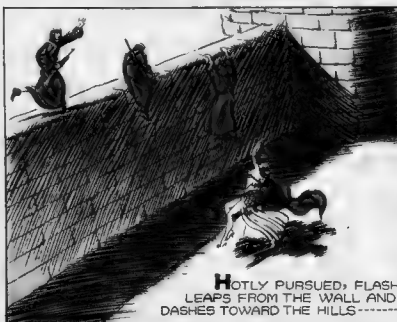
LISTEN, YOU BLITHERING BLACK IDIOT! YOU'RE ASKING TOO MANY QUESTIONS--I'M DOING THIS FOR REVENGE! REVENGE, SEE? HA; HA; HA-- PROMISE TO DO AS I SAY OR I'LL CUT YOUR HEART OUT!

NEXT WEEK--
"OLD FRIENDS!"

Flash Gordon



FLASH GORDON, AS HIS INVISIBILITY WEARS OFF, DARINGLY HIDNAPS HIS ENEMY, THE WITCH QUEEN, AZURA-----



HOTLY PURSUED, FLASH LEAPS FROM THE WALL AND DASHES TOWARD THE HILLS-----



THIS LOOKS LIKE A WAY OUT

NO, NO, FLASH! IT'S "THE PIT OF PERIL!"

SEEING A MYSTERIOUS DOOR SET IN THE SIDE OF A HILL, FLASH MAKES FOR IT-----



OUR QUEEN--LOST IN THE PIT OF THE DEATH DWARFS! BAR THE GATE OR THEY'LL GET US!

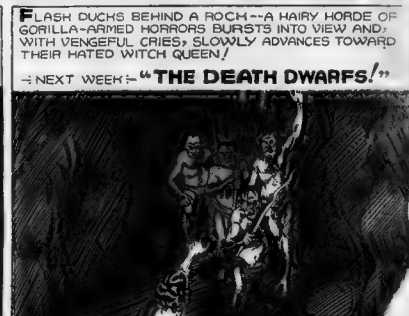
WELL, THEY'LL HILL THE SHADOW, TOO!

AZURA'S GUARDS HALT, TERRIFIED AND BAFFLED-----



WHY ARE YOU SO FRIGHTENED, AZURA?

WE DROVE THE WARRIOR DWARFS DOWN INTO THESE PITS AND TUNNELS--WE EXECUTE PRISONERS BY THROWING THEM TO THE DWARFS!



FLASH DUCHS BEHIND A ROCK--A HAIRY HORDE OF GORILLA-ARMED HORRORS BURSTS INTO VIEW AND, WITH VENGEFUL CRIES, SLOWLY ADVANCES TOWARD THEIR HATED WITCH QUEEN!

NEXT WEEK--"THE DEATH DWARFS!"



FLASH--YOUR HEAD! I CAN SEE IT!

I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT--MY REMAINING INVISIBILITY IS OUR BIG HOPE----



OH, FLASH, TAKE ME BACK--I'LL MAKE YOU KING! I'LL OBEY YOU FOREVER----

TOO LATE, AZURA--HERE THEY COME! LET THEM CAPTURE YOU--I'LL BE NEAR

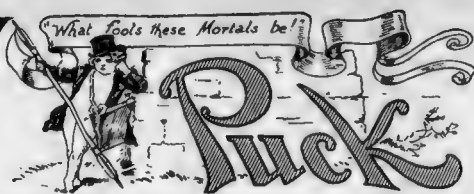


THE COMIC WEEKLY

BOSTON ADVERTISER

SECTION
OF THE

Sunday, September 8, 1935



Rosie's BEAU

BY
GEO. McMANUS

ARCHIE DARLING-WELL
NEVER QUACKEL AGAIN.
WILL WE? YOU ARE
THE DEAREST BOY
IN THE WORLD-

AND YOU ARE THE
SWEETEST-T PRETTIEST-
CUTEST LITTLE
DARLING IN ALL
THE WORLD-

HURRAH! AM I HAPPY? I'M
GOING RIGHT DOWN TO
ROSIE'S FATHER'S OFFICE
AND TELL HIM I WANT
TO MARRY ROSIE
RIGHT AWAY-

IT'S THE GYPSY IN ME

YOU'VE BEEN ARRESTED
FOUR TIMES THIS YEAR
I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU
SIX MONTHS ON THE
ISLAND-

YOU CERTAIN-
LY ARE VERY
LIBERAL WITH
MY TIME-



YOU GET MY DAUGHTER
ROSE ON THE PHONE-
SHE MUST STOP RUNNING
UP BILLS LIKE THIS-AND
SHE HAS OVERDRAWN
HER ALLOW-
ANCE-

HERE'S SOME
MORE BILLS
YOUR PLANS-YOU
SHOULD START
IMMEDIATELY-

OH! I'VE JUST
DROPPED IN TO SAY
"HELLO, YOU
KNOW, YOU
THINK ROSIE
IS THE DEAR-
EST GIRL IN
THE WORLD-

SO
DO!!

Bringing Up Father

BUT-MR JIGGS-WHAT
YOU NEED IS A VACATION-
A GOOD REST-AS YOUR
DOCTOR-I SUGGEST
YOU GO TO THE
MOUNTAINS-

I'VE NEEDED
THAT EVER
SINCE I'VE
BEEN MARRIED-

I'LL PHONE YOUR WIFE
AND TELL HER OF
YOUR PLANS-YOU
SHOULD START
IMMEDIATELY-

THE SOONER
THE BETTER
FOR ME-DOCTOR-

WELL-NOW LET
ME THINK- WHAT
MOUNTAINS- WHAT
I GO TO AN' WHERE
ARE THERE ANY
MOUNTAINS?

THE DOCTOR PHONED
AND SUGGESTED YOUR
GOING TO THE MOUNTAINS,
BUT YOU CAN'T GO
TOMORROW AS WE
MUST GO TO MRS T-
CUPPS FOR LUNCHEON-

WELL-I GUESS
THAT WILL
HAVE TO BE
ALL RIGHT-

BUT YOU CAN'T
GET AWAY 'TIL
YOUR NEW
DRESSES ARE
FINISHED-

I HAD FORGOTTEN
ABOUT THAT- WELL,
WE CAN LEAVE
WEDNESDAY-AND
I JUST HAPPENED
TO THINK-I HAVE
AN APPOINTMENT
WITH MY DENTIST-
WE CAN'T GO
UNTIL THURSDAY-

I JUST RECEIVED
THIS LETTER FROM
MRS HUGH CLIMITT-
SHE IS COMING BACK
FROM POINT MOUNT
MOUNTAIN- SHE'LL
BE HOME FRIDAY- SO
WE MUST WAIT TO
SEE HER-

BUT-MOTHER-
I HAVE A DATE
SATURDAY-

WE WON'T BE
ABLE TO LEAVE
UNTIL SUNDAY-
I HAVE SO MANY
SOCIAL DATES
TO KEEP-

WE?
I THOUGHT
I WU'Z GOIN'
FER A REST-

I JUST PHONED YOUR
DOCTOR-AND HE SAYS
THE MOUNTAIN AIR
WILL BE BAD FOR
YOUR VOICE-

WELL-THAT
SETTLES IT-
WE'LL GO TO
THE SEASHORE-
MY PETS LIKE
IT BETTER THERE,
ANYWAY-

BUT-MOTHER,
WHY NOT GO
TO LAKE
FULLAWATER?
I WANT TO MEET
SOME OF MY
FRIENDS-

I WON'T GO THERE-
MY HUSBAND IS
THERE-I SHOULD
SPOIL MY SUMMER
BY SEEING
HIM-

I WISH YOU'D GO
OUT TO THE
DESERT-I'M
TIRED OF
CUTTIN' GRASS

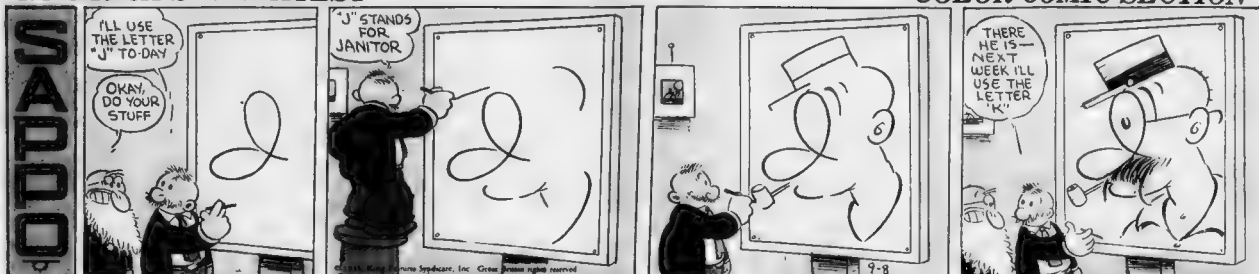
I SAID WE
ARE GOING TO
THE SEASHORE-

-AN' THE
DOCTOR
SAID I
NEED A
REST-

WELL-I'M
GONNA GIT
A REST-

PARDON ME, SIR-
BUT WHEN DO
YOU START ON
YOUR VACATION-
AND WHERE
ARE YOU GOIN'?

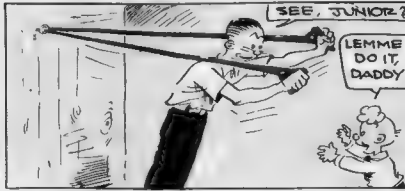
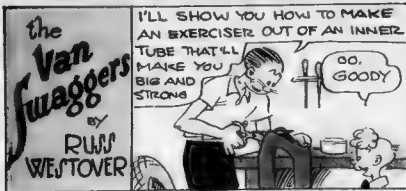
DON'T ASK
ME RIDDLES-
I'M ON MY
VACATION
RIGHT NOW-



Thimble Theatre

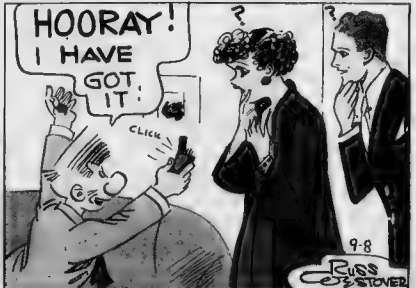
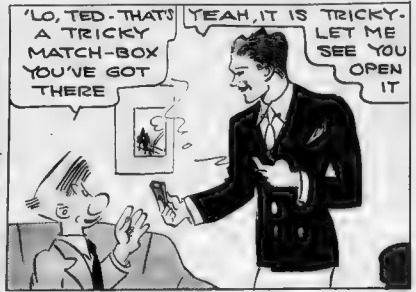


You can enjoy POPEYE every week day in the BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN

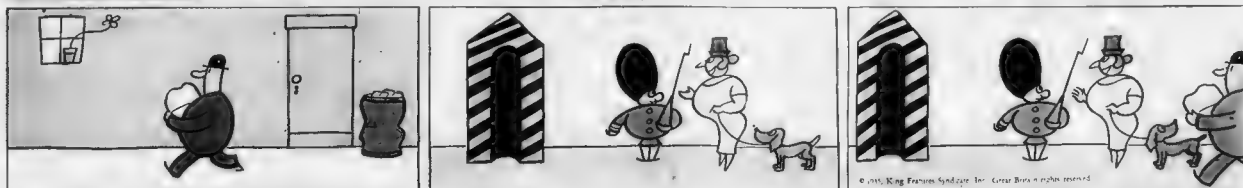


Tillie the Toiler

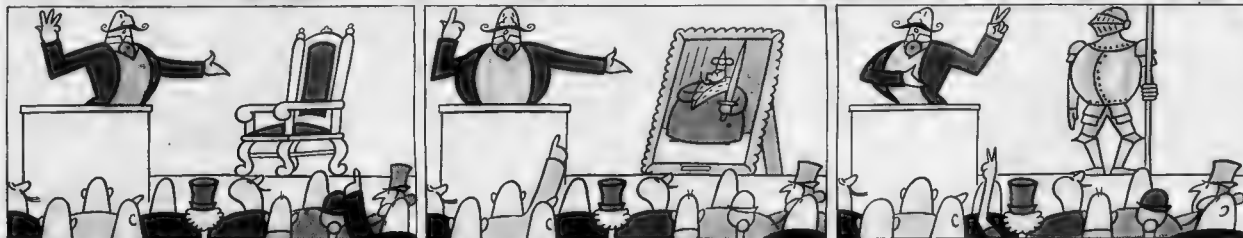
Illustrated by J. J. Fox

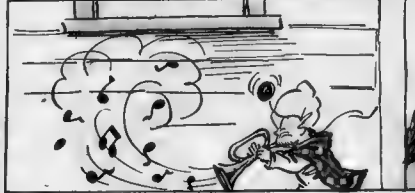


**SENTINEL
LOUIE**
by O. SOGLOW



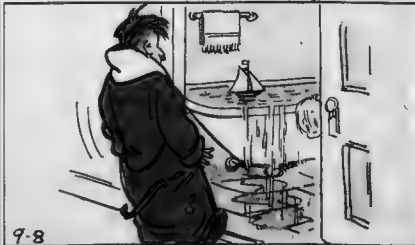
The Little King

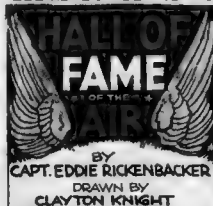




Skippy

Registered U. S. Patent Off.





FRANK HAWKS

AMERICAN PILOT - WHO DRAMATIZED THE USE OF SPEED FOR AIRPLANE TRAVEL. HIS RECORD FLIGHTS ARE NOW THE COMMONPLACE ROUTINE OF THE SCHEDULED AIR LINES. HE LEARNED TO FLY AT LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA, BEFORE THE WAR. HE INSTRUCTED CADETS DURING THE WAR AND THEN "BARNSTORMED" IN THE U.S. AND MEXICO AFTER ITS CLOSE. HE LATER MADE MANY LONG-DISTANCE SPEED FLIGHTS, BOTH IN AMERICA AND EUROPE.

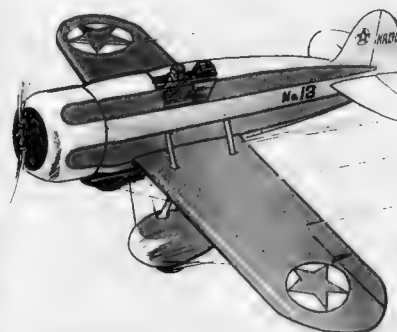
WHILE IN MEXICO - HAWKS HELPED TO MANAGE A 300,000-ACRE RANCH, USING HIS PLANE TO FLY BACK AND FORTH TO MEXICO CITY ON ERRANDS.



IN 1929, HE SET A TRANSCONTINENTAL NON-STOP RECORD OF 18 HOURS AND 21 MINUTES FROM CALIFORNIA TO NEW YORK.



HE IS THE ONLY MAN TO FLY A GLIDER FROM CALIFORNIA TO NEW YORK. HE MADE IT IN A LITTLE OVER 44 HOURS.



TRAVELAIR MYSTERY SHIP

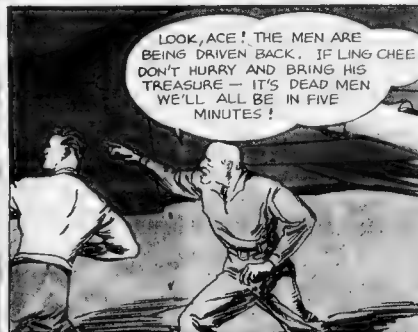
THIS PLANE HAS
CROSSED THE
UNITED STATES
FROM NORTH TO
SOUTH AND EAST
TO WEST MANY TIMES
AND HAS LANDED IN
CANADA - MEXICO -
ENGLAND - FRANCE
AND ITALY.

© 1935 Flying Pictures, Inc. All Rights Reserved.
Clayton Knight artist.

ACE DRUMMOND

Registered U. S. Patent Office

By Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker



LOOK, ACE! THE MEN ARE
BEING DRIVEN BACK. IF LING CHEE
DON'T HURRY AND BRING HIS
TREASURE - IT'S DEAD MEN
WE'LL ALL BE IN FIVE
MINUTES!



I'M NOT WORRYING ABOUT LING
CHEE'S HEALTH - BUT IF HE DON'T
BRING HIS TREASURE -- HOW ARE
WE GOING TO GET BACK THE
TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS HE
STOLE FROM US?



SURE, AND IT'S A COUPLE
OF SHINING GOLDEN HARPS
WE'LL BE NEEDING, IF THAT
THIEVING BANDIT DON'T--

LISTEN!
SOMEONE
IS COMING!
NOW--



HURRY-ACE,
HURRY! THE
STRONGHOLD IS
CAPTURED!



THE DISHONORABLE TRAITOR
TRIED TO ASSASSINATE ME -
WITHOUT YOUR ---

SAVE IT -
AND LET'S
GO PLACES



FAITH, AN' IT'S ME THAT'S
WISHING I HAD PAID UP MY
INSURANCE POLICY!



IT'S IMPERATIVE
THAT I REACH
SHANGHAI -

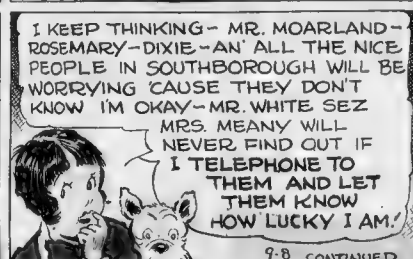
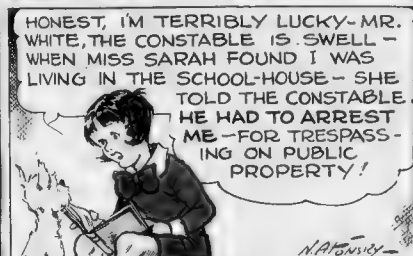
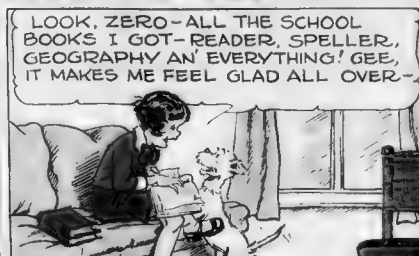
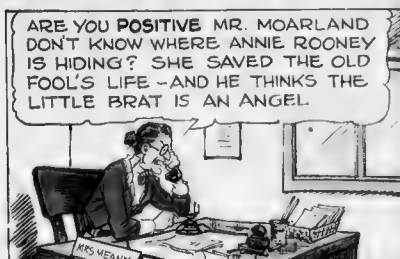
IT'S IMPERATIVE
THAT YOU START
GROWING WINGS!
- OUR GAS WON'T
LAST TEN
MORE MILES!

CONTINUED
NEXT WEEK

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

--:--:--
Registered U. S. Patent Office

by BRANDON WALSH



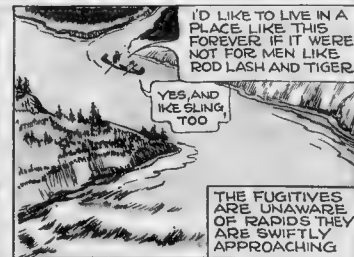
9-8 CONTINUED

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

by ZANE GREY



ALL NIGHT LONG KING AND BETTY STUMBLE THROUGH THE FOREST TO PUT AS MUCH DISTANCE AS POSSIBLE BETWEEN THEM AND TIGER



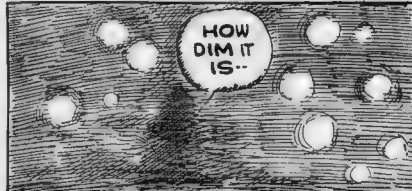
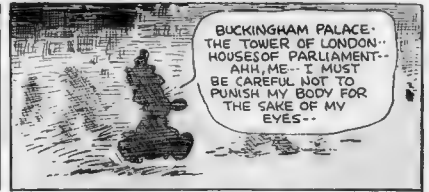
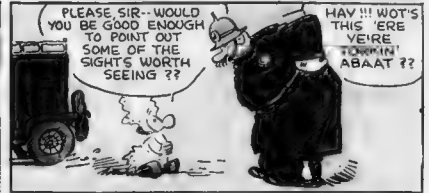
9-8

CONTINUED



Tim Tyler's Luck



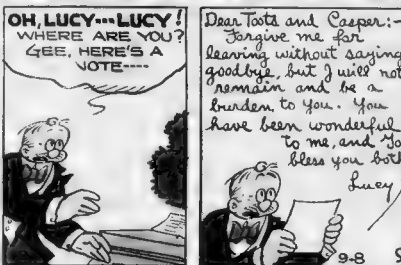


Barney Google



Toots and Casper

Reprint U. S. Patent 2,548,000



JIMMY MURPHY: CONTINUED NEXT WEEK!

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE RALSTON PURINA COMPANY

TATTLETALES
Sari Severt, brilliant young opera star, is "chose chiming" a Hollywood star, a "chose chiming" in "chose chiming" word for her movie debut in "Spring Melody". Sari is "chose chiming" Paul, but the handsome musician has ears but not eyes for her!

OH PAUL-- A MOON A GREEN LIGHT, AND YOU TALK OF SINGING AM! NOTHING BUT A VOICE TO YOU?

YOUR SINGING WILL MAKE MY PICTURE SARI!

MOVIE NEWS
Why has production on "Spring Melody" been postponed? What was the outcome of seven tests won't talk. Neither will Raquel Torres, movie star with whom Sari is staying while in Hollywood.

NEVER! I'LL TEACH SARI THE HOLLYWOOD HABIT! I SHE'LL REDUCE, AND NOW, MR GOLDMAN!

SO I'M TOO FAT FOR THE MOVIES! OH RAQUEL! NOW I KNOW WHY PAUL ISN'T INTERESTED IN ME, EITHER. I'LL SHOW THEM I'LL REDUCE IF I HAVE TO STARVE!

LATER WHAT A VOICE WHAT A FIGURE! OH SARI! I HAVE A LIFE CONTRACT FOR YOU!

STARVE WITH ME! YOU'LL DO AS THE MOVIE STARS DO! FOLLOW THE HOLLYWOOD HABIT! AND EAT THIS DELICIOUS RY-KRISP, YOU'LL GET A SLIM FIGURE, A FAT CONTRACT AND AN ADORING PAUL.

TOO LATE, GOLDMAN, SARI'S JUST SIGNED A LIFE CONTRACT WITH ME! THE LOVELIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD IS MY WIFE, NOW!

PAUL, DARLING (Prosecco?) THE HOLLYWOOD HABIT AND RY-KRISP REALLY PLAYED THE WEDDING PART FOR US!

PREMIERE NEWS
Sari Severt, famous opera star, made a brilliant screen debut last night in "Spring Melody". Sari's gorgeous, slender figure and near-perfect voice make her the "find" of the season.

"Get the 'HOLLYWOOD HABIT' if you want to reduce Easily, Naturally, Healthfully"
SAYS RAQUEL TORRES

If you want to keep your curves in the right place, do as the movie stars do! Don't starve--get the Hollywood Habit--exercise regularly, eat plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables, and use Ry-Krisp instead of heavy, starchy foods! The movie stars discovered this easy, natural method of reducing and staying slim--now women all over America are adopting it, because it is so simple, so effective and because Ry-Krisp tastes so good! Crisp, crunchy, filling but not fattening, Ry-Krisp is a wholesome, healthful food for all the family. Genuine Ry-Krisp comes only in checkboard packages. The name Ry-Krisp is on every wafer. Ralston Purina Company, Checkboard Square, St. Louis, Mo.

Try This Hollywood Habit Luncheon

If you've believed that reducing diets demand starvation meals, cast your eyes on this. These delicious, nourishing, and varied foods satisfy hunger pleasantly--actually help you to reduce--because all together they total only 335 calories. Remember, when Ry-Krisp is used instead of heavy, starchy foods, it's easy to transform many of your favorite menus into successful reducing meals. Ry-Krisp cuts the calories--doubles the appetite appeal of breakfast, luncheon or dinner.

1 fresh tomato	10 calories
1 baked apple	10 calories
1 cup of Ry-Krisp	100 calories
1 cup of lettuce	30 calories
1 cup of carrots	30 calories
1 cup of celery	15 calories
1 cup of Ry-Krisp	20 calories

GET THE HOLLYWOOD HABIT--EXERCISE REGULARLY, EAT SENSIBLY, USE RY-KRISP INSTEAD OF HEAVY STARCHY FOODS--WATCH YOUR WAISTLINE WAIST AWAY

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY ROUND-THE-WORLD

By WILLIAM LAVARRE, F.B.G.S.
THROUGH DJUKA LANDS IN DUTCH GUIANA

Have the rope ready when I shoot something with the GAZZ-GUN and lasso it before it wakes up!" JOHNNY JUPITER told Lobi. The GAZZ-GUN goes off ACCIDENTALLY and puts a black boy to sleep...

1 HEY, LOBI! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

YOU SAY YOU SHOOT AN ME TIE UP. GOOD! ME TIE UP QUICK, QUICK.

LOOK, MAN! HECTOR DONE GONE TO SLEEP!

zzzzzz

2 DROP THAT ROPE, LOBI! FETCH WATER, QUICK!

zzzzzz

3 I'LL GET MEDICINES, DAD!

zzzzzz

4 Zzzzzzz

5 Bzzzzzz

6 DAT AM A SLEEP GUN FO' TRUE! LOOK AT HIM DREAMIN'!

MAN! HE SNORE LIKE HE HAVIN' FINE TIME!

7 HOPE THAT GAZZ-SHELL DOESN'T WORK OVERTIME - THE THREE MINUTES ARE ALMOST UP.

B-ZZZZZ - GLUPP!

8 WOW! WHERE AM ME? WHAT HAPPEN? IS ME BEEN DREAMING?

IS YOU? MAN, DE GAZZ-GUN DONE PUT YOU TO SLEEP LIKE A ROCK.

ME NEVER HEAR NO ROCK SNORE! HE BEEN MO' LIKE DE BUZZ-SAW!

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF GENERAL FOODS

BLAKE MAKES A FRESH START

MISSED AGAIN! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF RATTLING THAT BAG WHEN I'M TRYING TO PUTT?

WHY, DADDY... HE DIDN'T MAKE ANY NOISE!

DID YOU HEAR THAT? YOUR OWN DAUGHTER TRYING TO MAKE A LIAR OUT OF YOU!

NO! NO! THAT'S NOT THE IRON I WANT! LISTEN - GO ON BACK TO THE CLUB HOUSE... I'LL CARRY THAT BAG MYSELF!

GREAT WORK! SWEET! YOU CERTAINLY MADE HIM FEEL LIKE THE WORLD'S CHAMPION NIT-WIT!

ALL RIGHT, MR. BLAKE!

WHY, DADDY - THAT'S NO WAY TO TREAT THE POOR BOY! HE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING WRONG!

OH, WELL... LET'S GET OFF THE COURSE! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS ANYWAY!

THAT'S THE STUFF! BREAK UP THE GAME - MAYBE THAT WILL TEACH HER TO KEEP QUIET!

I'M SORRY YOU DIDN'T FEEL LIKE FINISHING, DADDY!

HUMPH! IF YOU HAD MY HEADACHES AND INDIGESTION YOU WOULDN'T FEEL LIKE PLAYING EITHER!

IS SHE SORRY FOR YOU OR FOR HERSELF? SHE KNOWS YOU DIDN'T SLEEP WELL LAST NIGHT!

WELL, WHY DON'T YOU DO AS THE DOCTOR SAID, AND GIVE UP COFFEE!

RATS! WHO EVER HEARD OF COFFEE HARMING A GROWN MAN LIKE ME?

THESE GILLY YOUNG KIDS SURE GET SOME CRACK-BRAINED IDEAS!

BUT YOU KNOW YOU HAVE COFFEE-NERVES... AND THE DOCTOR SAID IT WOULD HELP IF YOU'D SWITCH TO POSTUM!

OH, ALL RIGHT - I WILL TRY IT TO PROVE THAT DOCTORS DON'T KNOW IT ALL!

CURSES! FOILED AGAIN! I CAN'T STA! HERE IF HE'S CHANGING TO POSTUM!

GEE, MISS BLAKE, YOUR FATHER SURE HAS CHANGED! I'D RATHER CADDY FOR HIM NOW THAN ANY MEMBER OF THE CLUB!

YES... SINCE HE SWITCHED TO POSTUM HE HAS FELT AND ACTED LIKE A DIFFERENT MAN!

30 DAYS LATER

"I always thought that this talk about coffee being harmful applied only to children!"

"Oh, no, Daddy... the caffeine in coffee disagrees with lots of grown-ups, too! It upsets their nerves, causes indigestion or keeps them awake nights!"

If you are bothered with headaches or indigestion, or find it difficult to sleep soundly... try Postum for 30 days. Postum contains no caffeine. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. It is easy to make, and costs less than one-half cent a cup. It's a delicious drink... and may prove a real help. A General Foods product.

FREE! Let us send you your first week's supply of Postum free! Simply mail the coupon.

GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich.
Send me, without obligation, a week's supply of Postum, in a c s s s

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Print in complete type - print name and address (Offer expires July 3, 1958)

RED BARRY

Registered U. S. Patent Office



AN ADVERTISEMENT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

Dixie & Flossie - A Ship in Distress

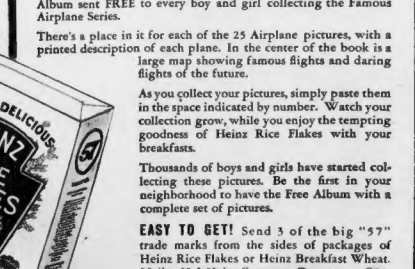
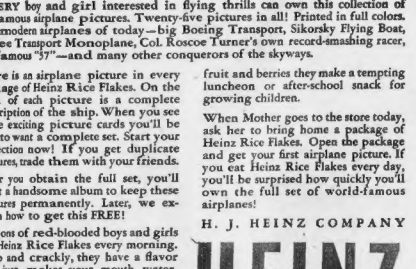
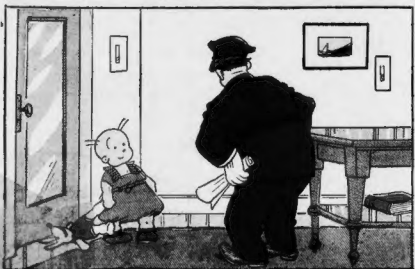
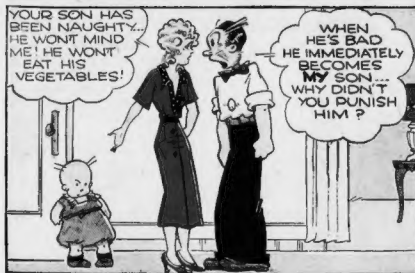


PEGGY LUX in SYLVANIA - SCHOOL DAYS



Blondie

Reprint U. S. Patent Office



FREE TO BOYS AND GIRLS!

A COMPLETE SET OF 25 AVIATION PICTURES

EVERY boy and girl interested in flying thrills can own this collection of 25 famous airplane pictures. Twenty-five pictures in all! Printed in full colors. The modern airplanes of today—big Boeing Transport, Sikorsky Flying Boat, Vultee Transport Monoplane, Col. Roscoe Turner's own record-smashing racer, the famous "37"—and many other conquerors of the skyways.

There is an airplane picture in every package of Heinz Rice Flakes. On the back of each picture is a complete description of the ship. When you see these exciting picture cards you'll be sure to want a complete set. Start your collection now! If you get duplicate pictures, trade them with your friends.

After you obtain the full set, you'll want a handsome album to keep these pictures permanently. Later, we explain how to get this FREE!

Millions of red-blooded boys and girls eat Heinz Rice Flakes every morning. Crisp and crackly, they have a flavor that just makes your mouth water. And they're packed with health and quick energy.

Mothers, too, are glad to have their children eat Heinz Rice Flakes regularly. They contain all the "peppy" food value of rice put up in attractive, easily digested form. In addition, they have a gentle regulative effect that promotes health habits.

Heinz Rice Flakes are delicious with milk or cream. Covered with fresh

fruit and berries they make a tempting luncheon or after-school snack for growing children.

When Mother goes to the store today, ask her to bring home a package of Heinz Rice Flakes. Open the package and get your first airplane picture. If you eat Heinz Rice Flakes every day, you'll be surprised how quickly you'll own the full set of world-famous airplanes!

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

HEINZ RICE FLAKES



A FREE AIRPLANE PICTURE IN EVERY PACKAGE



BIG AIRPLANE ALBUM FREE

"Modern Aviation" is the title of this handsome 16-page Airplane Album sent FREE to every boy and girl collecting the Famous Airplane Series.

There's a place in it for each of the 25 Airplane pictures, with a printed description of each plane. In the center of the book is a large map showing famous flights and daring flights of the future.

As you collect your pictures, simply paste them in the space indicated by number. Watch your collection grow, while you enjoy the tempting goodness of Heinz Rice Flakes with your breakfasts.

Thousands of boys and girls have started collecting these pictures. Be the first in your neighborhood to have the Free Album with a complete set of pictures.

EASY TO GET! Send 3 of the big "37" trade marks from the sides of packages of Heinz Rice Flakes or Heinz Breakfast Wheat. Mail to H. J. Heinz Company, Department C91, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. By return mail we'll send your album.

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The Katzenjammer Kids

